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THE  
QUARTERLY  
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THE  
EDINBURGH  
REVIEW

REVUE  
MONDES

Advertisement for the Columbia United Service Machine. The central image is a large, ornate machine with a prominent central wheel and various components. The text "COLUMBIA UNITED SERVICE MACHINE" is prominently displayed in the center. Below the machine, there is a smaller illustration of a person operating the machine. The advertisement includes several lines of text, including "NEWEST MODEL" at the top, "MADE IN AUSTRIA" at the bottom, and "COLUMBIA" on the sides. The overall design is highly decorative and typical of early 20th-century advertising.

BAKER-SMITH-ANDREW

# MONEY AND BANKING.

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICAN HISTORY.

By HORACE WHITE.

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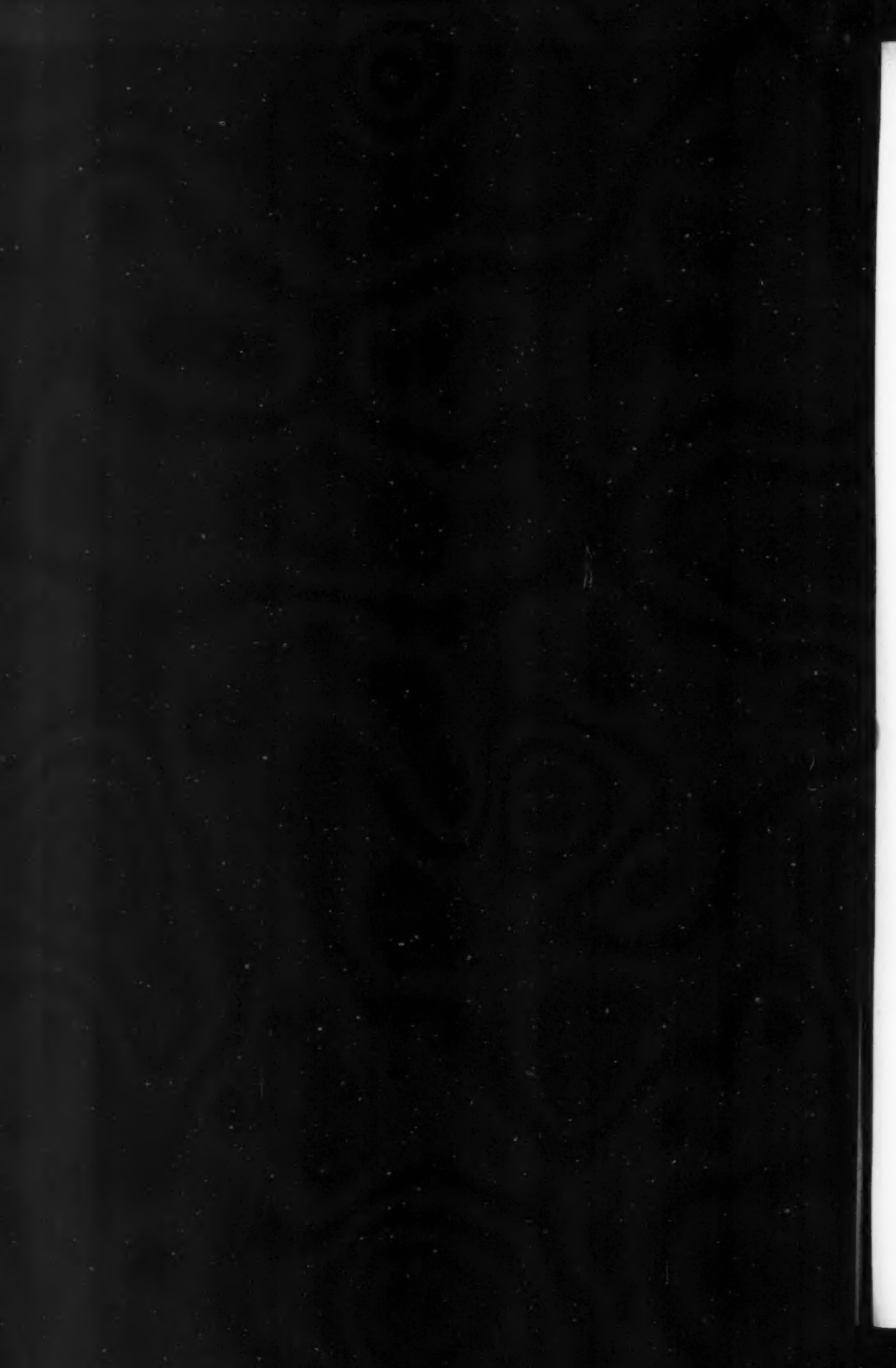
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume IX.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## BEREFT.

Sleep, sweet Spring, in the storms and glooms  
Of wintry skies,  
Wake not to scatter thy lap of blooms.  
Dark be thine eyes!

Sleep entombed in the drifted lea,  
On frozen earth,  
Nor stir with the old sweet mystery  
Of life at birth.

Sleep in the seeds and scaly hoods  
Of buds fast sealed,  
Sleep for aye in the naked woods,  
Die unrevealed.

Die in the firstlings of the flock  
And shivering herds;  
Blight, upon tree and moor and rock,  
The loves of birds.

Sleep with the spawning frog and fish,  
In crystal cave;  
Loose not, at Nature's ardent wish,  
The fettered wave.

Sleep in the unborn Pascal moon  
And veil her horn;  
Freeze in the bells their holy tune  
For Easter morn.

Shroud the sun as he rises fast  
To zenith blind,  
Darken his day with garment vast  
Of cloud and wind.

Sleep, sweet Spring, in the purple gloom  
Of the dawning year,  
Nor hither come with thy balm and bloom,  
Thy smile and tear.

Sleep! she sleeps who with burning brow  
Longed sore for thee.  
Possess thy soul in her patience now,  
And, where she sleeps in the grave, sleep  
thou, Eternally.

Academy.

L. DOUGAL.

## A LITTLE WHILE.

Only a little while of brave endeavor,  
Only a little while of care and strife,  
And then—the perfect peace of God forever,  
And the pure glories of the fadeless life.

Only a little while of patient yearning  
For vanished smiles, and voices hushed  
of yore,  
And then—our loved ones with their Lord  
returning,  
And hands, now severed, clasped to part  
no more.

O blissful day! O glorious consumma-  
tion!  
Lo, o'er the hills the dawn is breaking  
fast!  
Come, Light of life, display Thy full  
salvation,  
And speed the lonely pilgrim home at  
last.

Sunday Magazine.

S. C. LOWRY.

## NORAH MCGILL.

The ways of a woman,  
Solomon said,  
Would puzzle a wise man  
Alive or dead;  
An' faith! I'm thinkin'  
He'd say so still,  
If ever he'd met with  
Norah McGill.

The wiles of a woman,  
Antony said,  
Were past believin'  
An' better fled;  
An' faith! I'm thinkin'  
He'd say so still,  
If ever he'd looked on  
Norah McGill.

The word of a woman,  
Malachi said,  
Was as easy snapt  
As a spider's thread;  
An' faith! I'm thinkin'  
He'd say so still,  
If ever he'd talked with  
Norah McGill.

An' yet there's nothin'  
That can compare  
With the blue of her eyes,  
An' the black of her hair;  
An' faith! I'm thinkin'  
She likes me still,  
The while she's plaguin' me,  
Norah McGill.

Temple Bar,

LENA GYLES.

From The Quarterly Review.  
FRENCH OF LAHORE.<sup>1</sup>

No problem can be more interesting, and surely none can be accounted more important, than the problem of the religious future of the world. In the discussion of that problem, the history and prospects of Christian Missions must have a primary place. So much is due to the admitted superiority of the Christian religion over all its rivals, to the vast scale of its proselytizing efforts, to the great history of its Missions, to the high character of many of its missionaries. At present Christian Missions are passing through a process of transition. Probably at no previous period has there been more genuine zeal for the world's conversion, nor, in spite of much suspicion in some quarters not wholly unjustified by facts, a higher type of missionary; but in the face of new difficulties some potent evangelistic agencies are no longer available.

The conditions under which the Missions of Christianity are carried on have changed. The development of religious thought at home has inevitably tended to reflect itself abroad; and though it is probably true that obsolete theories and methods will linger longest in the missionary field, where the friction of spiritual conflict blunts the charities of discipleship, and the arduous circumstances of proselytizing do not favor reflection or learning, yet it is certain that in the long run no part of the Church can remain outside the influence of prevailing ideas. Especially in two directions modern thought has profoundly affected missionary methods. On the one hand, the estimate of the spiritual state of the non-Christian world has been profoundly changed; on the other hand, the real worth of the non-Christian religions is much more justly appreciated. In former times the Christian missionary was moved to his work by the profound pity he felt

for the myriads of the heathen falling into endless perdition for lack of the saving knowledge of the Gospel. The vision of horror haunted his imagination and acted as a spur to his will. The worshipers of the heathen were so many devices of the prince of darkness for maintaining his hold upon his victims. The nearer they seemed to approach Christian doctrines and practices, the more evident was their diabolic origin; for had not the apostle warned the Church that Satan disguised himself as an angel of light? These were unquestionably, the inspiring principles of the mediæval missions, and they rendered very plausible, to the best and greatest of the mediæval missionaries, that policy of coercion which secular potentates for reasons of their own were ever ready to propose and assist.

These sentiments are not wholly extinct even in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Quite recently a vigorous protest against the intolerant bigotry of Christian missionaries has issued from the press, expressing the deliberate judgment of a singularly acute and well-informed observer, and meriting the careful consideration of all the friends and supporters of Christian Missions.<sup>2</sup> It is, however, sufficiently certain that a worthy spirit is permeating the missionary world, and powerfully affecting the best and most successful of the missionaries. The *brutal* theory of the Middle Ages could not survive the widening horizon of modern thought and a more adequate knowledge of non-Christian religions. The modern evangelist cannot regard the adherents of the great Asiatic faiths with the dreadful pity which filled the mind of St. Boniface or St. Columba, and inspired their vast and fruitful labors. That potent missionary motive is no longer available.

It might seem, indeed, that the permanence of Christian Missions is imperilled; and it can hardly be denied that there exists a considerable body of opinion, mainly outside the Christian

<sup>1</sup> 1. *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Valpy French, First Bishop of Lahore.* By the Rev. Herbert Birks, M.A. London, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> *The Old Missionary.* By Sir William Hunter, K.C.S.I. London, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> *Evangelization of the non-Christian World.* by R. N. Cust, LL.D. London, 1894.

denominations, but by no means wholly so, which is markedly contemptuous of existing Missions and sceptical of their future. In so far as this opinion represents the absence of Christian conviction, it is not surprising and it is not significant; but in so far as it represents the mind of Christian people, it is both surprising and significant. It is surprising because loss of faith in Christian Missions logically involves loss of faith in Christianity itself; it is, indeed, historically absurd, since all Christians, and none more conspicuously than Europeans, who might seem less likely subjects for the influence of an Oriental faith than the mass of existing non-Christians, are living evidences of the missionary success of the Christian religion. It is significant, we believe, in spite of its unreasonableness, because it reveals a deep and general dissatisfaction with the conduct and results of modern Missions.

The stout volumes which record the life of Thomas Valpy French, Bishop of Lahore, provide, perhaps, the most effectual defence of Christian Missions and the most searching criticism of missionary methods. Mr. Birks has evidently found his task a labor of love. He is a genuine admirer of his subject, and he counts boldly on the equal admiration of his readers. At first we were disposed to resent the copious extracts from correspondence, which did not seem always to deal with very important matters, or throw much light on the bishop's character; and we still think that better justice would have been done to the subject if the ample materials which the author had at his disposal had been more sparingly used, and, perhaps, more effectively arranged. Beyond this general criticism we have nothing adverse to say. Mr. Birks was bold, but not too bold, in counting on the enthusiasm of his readers. It is much to say of a modern biography that it left us, at the conclusion of two bulky volumes, really impressed by the subject, and really grateful to the writer. We cannot readily recall a record of which the interest is so sustained, the moral dignity so great,

and the pathos so deep. We share Mr. Birks's enthusiasm and pardon his diffuseness. The personal charm of this life is very great; but in our judgment its importance is even greater. Alike in what he did, and what he failed to do, French was a pioneer. We believe that the volumes before us will take a position of recognized and permanent value in the literature of Christian Missions.

Thomas Valpy French was born on New Year's Day, 1825. He died at Muscat, in Arabia, on May 14, 1891. Of the sixty-six years of his life, more than forty were devoted to missionary work mostly in India. During that long period he toiled almost unceasingly amid circumstances, always arduous, not rarely of extraordinary difficulty. The intervals of nominal rest in England were scarcely less full of work than the years abroad. He was a man who must have distinguished himself in any sphere of life. Possessed of every advantage of birth, ability, physical vigor, strong and lofty character, he might have held a place of great prominence among his contemporaries in less toilsome and, so far as secular estimates reckon, more important walks of life; but almost from his cradle the evangelist's ideal arrested and inspired him. The strong religious surroundings of his early years strengthened and colored his missionary aspirations. He gained from Arnold at Rugby a moral strenuousness which proved a wholesome tonic to the sentimentality of inherited evangelicalism. Oxford, then throbbing with the ardors and ambitions of the Tractarian movement, inspired him with that affection for primitive theology and keen interest in Christian history which left so deep a mark on his subsequent life, and exercised so potent an influence on the development of his thought. His career at Oxford was distinguished. A first class in the Final Classical School, in days when first classes were rare and final schools few, was followed by the chancellor's prize for a Latin essay and a fellowship at University College. It was not unlikely that

French would settle down to a career in the university; but the death of a college friend in a railway accident, coupled with the direct appeal of Fox, the Rugby missionary, determined him to renounce Oxford for India. Fox's death followed speedily on his solemn appeal to French, and "added to its force by making it come to him like a voice from the dead." On April 16, 1850, he was formally "accepted" by the Church Missionary Society, and charged with the foundation of a college at Agra.

The foundation of this college was designed as an attempt to evangelize the higher classes of the native population. The normal method of preaching in the bazaars was found by experience to be of little use for any but the general multitude. A real desire for Western knowledge existed among the wealthy and influential Hindoos; and it was thought that, by offering the advantages of a sound education in secular subjects, an opportunity might be found for inculcating the moral and religious teachings of Christianity. Before all things a thorough grasp of the vernacular languages was necessary; and French set to work at this difficult task with indomitable courage and industry. The obstacles in the way of evangelization which arise from ignorance, or merely partial knowledge of the native languages, must be very formidable. French undoubtedly possessed an unusual ability in mastering strange tongues, and his reputation as a linguist is deservedly high. "He was known in his later days as the 'haft-zaban Padri,' or seven-tongued clergyman of Lahore." This facility was the result of protracted and unrelenting labor; his disgust at finding himself quite powerless to address the natives acted as a constant spur to his industry. The task would have daunted most men, at least as it was presented to French by Mr. Jukes, whom he had consulted.

You must, of course [he said] commence with Urdu or Hindustani, so as to be able to talk with your servants, to help

in the services of the church and in the schools. You had better give some six or eight hours a day to that, and also spend two or three hours at Punjabi, to be able to talk with villagers. You should also try and give two or three hours to the study of Persian, which you will find invaluable in the schools, and all your spare time to Arabic, so as to be able to read the Quran.

It is very evident that French prided himself on his linguistic achievements; he applied himself to the study of languages up to the very end of his life; and his last missionary enterprise was not unconnected with his anxiety to perfect his knowledge of Arabic. Yet it is sufficiently evident that he did not always succeed in making himself intelligible, even when using a language in which he considered himself to have acquired facility of expression. In Persia he relates with pious exultation his enjoyment of "the strangely unlooked-for privilege to be allowed in these Persian villages, so hopelessly out of my beat before, to be heard and understood even by some of the poor, as well as by the educated." His zeal obstructed his perception of the true state of affairs, and an editorial note is suggestive:—

Yet by the poor the bishop was not *always* understood. Dr. Bruce relates how one day he heard him trying to explain to his gholam, or servant, the Indian custom of taking on one of the horses in the middle of the night to a stage half-way in advance upon the next day's march. French addressed him in words which may be roughly paraphrased as follows: "Gholam! conduct my steed into the way of truth at—at midnight, and I will make my exodus (departure out of life) to-morrow morning." The poor man gazed at him in blank amaze till Dr. Bruce expained.

The difficulty in French's case arose from his scholarly preference for classical terms, which were largely unintelligible to the common people. This preference led to the practical failure of the revised Hindustani Prayer-book. The strength and weakness of his character are very apparent

in the history of this abortive revision:—

The greatest disappointment of his later years [says his successor, Bishop Matthew] was the unfavorable reception given to the Revised Urdu Prayer-book by the missionaries of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab. When some time after his resignation I begged him to revisit his old diocese, he replied that the treatment his book had met with in the native Church made it impossible for him to do so. Though I am no expert, I am afraid there can be little doubt that in this matter the public opinion of the Church was right and the bishop mistaken. Certainly it was a matter of the deepest regret to many that they could not regard the book as suited for general use. The bishop had been assisted by a competent committee; but with his high ideas of episcopal authority, and very pronounced opinions as to style, the committee were assessors only, and their judgment again and again overruled by the bishop. His predilection for Arabic religious terms led to the introduction of a great number of words quite unintelligible to the simple people who form the staple of our congregations. There were also some important departures from the English original, the bishop deeming himself at liberty to go behind it to the Latin sources of the Prayer-book. At the same time the book was a monument of scholarly and erudite labor, which will not be thrown away, but will leave its mark on any version which may secure the acceptance of the church.

His own devotion to the study of Oriental languages was an evidence of his clear perception of the true lines of missionary effort. He insisted, in season and out of season, on the folly of endeavoring to force the Christianity of India into the grooves of Western theology. He labored to create a native ministry, sufficiently learned and numerous to take over the heavy responsibility of adapting historic Christianity to the conditions of Indian existence. He felt convinced,—and the conviction gathered strength with his enlarged knowledge of missionary problems,—that the conversion of the Indian peoples could never be the work of foreigners. Native apostles must arise, corresponding to

the native conceptions of religious teachers, commending the Gospel by their ascetic contempt of secular pleasures and interests, and visibly embodying in their own lives the faith and the sacrifice they proclaim. He was ever on the watch for such recruits. In the casual crowds that gathered about him on his evangelistic journeys, in the inquirers who were sufficiently interested in his preaching to come to him for more information, above all in the students in the colleges over which he presided, he sought for the apostles of India. His distrust of foreign agents was justified by the testimony of primitive missionaries, and his observance of the actual methods adopted by the Hindu sect-leaders.

The very last thing which has been practised amongst us as missionaries was what the greatest stress was laid and effort expended upon by Hindu sect-leaders, and by the early British and Anglo-Saxon missionaries, as well as by Mohammedan moollahs everywhere: I mean, giving a few instruments the finest polish possible; imbuing a few select disciples with all that we ourselves have been taught of truth, and trying to train and build them up to the highest reach of knowledge attainable to us. It is but seldom that this has been the relation of the missionary to the catechist, of the schoolmaster to the student; what the Soofee calls "iktibas"—lighting the scholar's lamp at the master's light. The perpetuation of truth (must we not add of error also?) has in every age depended on this efficacious method of handing down teaching undiluted and unmutated.

French undoubtedly appreciated justly the witness of historic Christianity; and, we may add, the lesson of the Gospel. The founder of Christianity; and, we may add, the lesson diffusing truth and creating a religious society. The actual circumstances of modern missionary work, however, gravely complicate the question of method. The racial affinities of Christianity enhance its secular importance. Originally an Asiatic faith, and for many generations mainly Oriental, it has in the course of centuries become



predominantly European; and, as it presents itself to-day to the non-Christian peoples, it is regarded universally as part of that European civilization with which, in so many and various ways, they come into contact. This circumstance is hardly an advantage. If the material prosperity of the West—its science, its literature, its political force—commend its religion to the less civilized adherents of other faith, it must be allowed that the commercial, political, social, racial antipathies, which sever the Western nations from the rest of the human race, raise many obstacles, not really involved in Christianity, to the world's conversion. The resistance of the natives of India or China to the message of the Christian missionary is not merely, perhaps not mainly, provoked by the actual contents of that message, so much as by its apparent association with formidable dangers to national independence, or immemorial social custom. It is notorious that this supposition is frequently well-founded. Many Christian Missions are confessedly carried on in the name and for the interest of national aggrandizement. The Roman Catholic Missions are notoriously French in design and tendency; the Republic appreciates to the full their political value, and, in consideration of it, is willing at all times to lay aside its inveterate suspicion of the Roman Church, and to impose by main force in Asia and Africa that ecclesiastical domination which it so eagerly resents in France itself. It would be difficult to deny that the same accusation may plausibly be brought against the Missions undertaken by the English; but, partly owing to the circumstance that most of those Missions are carried on within the dominions of the British crown, partly to their voluntary and sectarian character, the political tendency of English Missions is much less prominent. French was very sensible of the evils arising from the political and racial associations of Christianity:—

It seems clear [he wrote] that an-

tipathy to the English lies at the door of much opposition to the Gospel. If we could get an exclusively native Church, emancipated from British control, with all orders of ministry complete, there would be much more hope.

It might have been thought that, with these views, French would have cordially approved the neutral attitude on all religious questions observed by the government of India; but this was far from the case. As Bishop of Lahore he counted as a senior chaplain on the Indian Establishment, and his exacting sense of duty interpreted severely his official responsibilities. He resented any neglect of religious observance on the part of prominent personages, as not only a breach of discipline, but also as involving an unfair treatment of the Christian missionaries. He remonstrated fearlessly with commanding officers when their conduct seemed to him calculated to bring discredit on religion. He particularly resisted the tendency to secularize Sunday. On one occasion he succeeded in persuading General Roberts to defer a Sunday march, and in 1882 he obtained from the commander-in-chief a general order directing "that no movement of troops shall take place on a Sunday, except when absolutely required." Generally he was well supported by the military authorities; indeed, it is impossible to read these volumes without genuine pride in the high moral tone which they reveal in the leading Indian officials.

Anglo-Indian society makes a creditable appearance in these pages. French describes the life of Calcutta in appreciative terms, and his personal relations with his fellow-countrymen appear to have been friendly. He regarded the government as Christian, and he resented the idea of neutrality. Probably he hardly realized the pressure upon consciences involved in his theory; the adoration of authority is indigenous in the East, and the mere fact that Christianity is the religion of the governing race dangerously commends it to the acceptance of the more unworthy sections of the native population. He was very uneasy at the

educational policy of the government, and urged the necessity of definite moral teaching in the primary schools; but, in spite of the sympathy of Lord Ripon and the emphatic approval of many distinguished persons, both European and native, "Agnosticism" and its "negative influences" were too strong to allow of success. Sir William Hunter has recently expressed in striking language the fears with which experienced observers regard the elaborate educational system which the Indian government has established. Bishop French might stand for "the Old Missionary," so faithfully does the latter express his views. The passage is so intrinsically interesting that we quote it at length:—

Your State education is producing a revolt against three principles which, although they were pushed too far in ancient India, represent the deepest wants of human nature—the principle of discipline, the principle of religion, the principle of contentment. The old indigenous schools carried punishment to the verge of torture. Your government schools pride themselves in having almost done away with the rod, and in due time you will have on your hands a race of young men who have grown up without discipline. The indigenous schools made the native religions too much the staple of instruction; opening the day's work by chanting a long invocation to the sun or some other deity, while each boy began his exercise by writing the name of a divinity at the top. Your government schools take credit for abstaining from religious teaching of any sort, and in due time you will have on your hands a race of young men who have grown up in the public non-recognition of a God. The indigenous schools educated the working and trading classes for the natural business of their lives. Your government schools spur on every clever small boy with scholarships and money allowances, to try to get into a bigger school, and so through many bigger schools, with the stimulus of bigger scholarships, to a university degree. In due time you will have on your hands an overgrown clerly generation, whom you have trained in their youth to depend on government allowances and to look at government service, but whose adult ambitions not all the officers of the govern-

ment would satisfy. What are you to do with this great clever class, forced up under a foreign system, without discipline, without contentment, and without a God? (The Old Missionary, p. 84.)

The question suggests itself, How far the persistent attempts to educate Orientals according to Western ideas of education are, in themselves, reasonable? From the missionary standpoint there are special reasons for returning an unfavorable answer.

Europeans in this nineteenth century [observes Dr. Cust with much plausibility] place too high a value in the scale of salvation of souls on Education, Civilization, and even Cleanliness; they are excellent things in themselves, but they are only incidents in the Christian life, and often deadly antagonists to the onward course. (Missionary Methods, p. 96.)

With this attitude French would have had little sympathy. He was a genuine enthusiast in the matter of education; but he realized, as few other men have, the claims of Oriental idiosyncrasies to color and mould the education which the East must receive from the West. This broad and reasonable view is very apparent in his scheme for the training college for native ministers, which he drew up in 1866, and happily reduced to practice a few years later. It would be difficult to find more statesmanlike utterances than the following; or, we must add, utterances which convey more severe censure on the missionary methods which have generally prevailed in modern times. After laying down the proposition that the native Church must not be trammelled by "too rigid adherence to our institutions," but that experience testifies to the existence of "some leading features common to the spread and development of all infant churches," which being preserved, the largest liberty in other respects might be wisely permitted, he briefly reviews the history of Christian Missions, and finds that the discovery and training of suitable native evangelists was ever the principal and most fruitful method of extending the faith. Then, passing to his actual project, he

thus sketches the character which a training college should possess:—

The college I propose should be dedicated to the purely native Church—to its building up, its strengthening, and encouragement. A Mohammedan convert, brought up all his life in distaste and prejudice of English, should here find his want of English does not disentitle or incapacitate him for perfecting his curriculum of theology up to the full measure of perfection which the college course reaches. Here Christianity should be domesticated on the Indian soil, and be able to reckon on a home and hearth of its own. Here, when it is possible to obtain them, should be found men who, by a severe and close attention bestowed on Mohammedan and Hindu literature, can express the delicate shades, the nice distinctions of thought, which some, at least, of our standard works of theology involve. . . . The plan of instructing our native teachers in English, without putting them in possession of the power to express themselves on Christian doctrine correctly and accurately in the vernacular, is (I believe) quite abhorrent to the general practice of the Church of Christ from the beginning, as well as to right reason itself. To be mighty in the English Scriptures, their exposition and interpretation, is very different (clearly) from the power to expound them freely and with confidence to the vast masses of India, who will have nothing to say to the English language; with confidence, I mean, that they are employing appropriate and expressive words, the very counterpart of the ideas and truths to be communicated.

He pleads for "a sufficient library," in order that the missionaries may be fairly equipped for intellectual conflicts with cultivated natives, well informed as to the difficulties which agitate Western minds on the subject of Christianity, and wonderfully quick to perceive any defect in the case proposed for their acceptance. He speaks with genuine enthusiasm of the "rich store of wealth embraced in the range of Hindu literature."

No one can study it for any length of time without being struck with the vigor of fancy, the inventiveness and ingenuity of imagination, the exhaustless power of illustration, the abstruseness of reasoning, the subtlety and strength of intellect,

which have been laid under contribution for thousands of years to enrich and adorn the language, and make speech co-extensive as far as may be with the boldest processes of mind and thought. Is it more profitable to Christianity, or more analogous with the economy of God's former providential dealings with men, that this store should be thrown away as valueless for the purpose of Gospel extension, of its more forcible expression, of its deeper and firmer engrafting in the national mind, than that we should try to act upon the principle enunciated in so many forms in Holy Scripture: "I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth"? Is the wealth of India's literary treasures less available, less capable of consecration to highest and holiest purposes than the merchant spoil of Tyre? Is it not hard to suppose that God has suffered that vast mass of erudition and result of mental force to accumulate for so many ages to be utterly purposeless towards setting up the kingdom of His dear Son? . . . Is not the attempt to use it worth making, even though our utmost expectations should not be realized? Have we not been in danger of making the Gospel too much of an exotic? Are there not in Christian theology ample unfoldings of human and Divine thought, which may find as appropriate expression in the niceties, beauties, and forces of the Sanskrit tongue, as in the less abundant copiousness and less precise exactitude of the Greek.

We make no apology for the length of this quotation. We can find no more suggestive and characteristic utterances in the volumes before us. We submit them as evidence of the hypothesis that Bishop French was not only a missionary, but an ecclesiastical statesman of the highest type.

It is evident that French was disappointed in his expectation that a native apostle would make his appearance in India. Among his converts, indeed, were able and devoted men, whose ministerial labors were by no means fruitless; but none of them possessed the qualities of great spiritual leaders. Failing, then, to find any escape from the necessity of presenting the Gospel through foreigners, French labored to establish a nobler ideal of missionary

life. His own example permanently enriches the history of the Church; it may be said of him that his practice went beyond his theory. It is evident that the merely professional missionary was abhorrent to him. Writing to his son, he said of mission work that "it comes of God, when a man is called to it; and if he is not called, he had better break stones on the road, or paint door-signs a great deal than take it up." He was, we conclude, disposed to prefer celibate to married missionaries. His great respect for Catholic precedents could hardly permit him to do otherwise. He was himself indeed married, and it is obvious that his affections were ardent and his domestic relationships full of happiness, but he never allowed the claims of the first or the allurements of the last to deflect him from the straightforward pathway of apostolic duty. He deprecated the coming to India of penniless married men. To one such he writes:—

I should, under your circumstances, deprecate your coming, unless you could hold your living (as I did) for one or two years, to see how India suited your health in the fresh trial of it. Many would welcome you heartily, but with a family (I am not sure how large yours is), unless there are private means, so extremely hazardous a risk should scarcely be run, so far as I can see the way in such cases. My wife has means, therefore (though we had not riches) it was not quite like exposing a family to the risk of utter want, or extremely limited and scanty resources.

He moulded his conception of missionary duty on the models of the Catholic past. Of these St. Honoratus of Lerins, the master of Hilary of Arles, is specially mentioned. The founders of English Christianity, notably the great Celtic missionaries, impressed him by their resemblance to the religious teachers of India, and the resemblance clearly commended them to his regard. He chafed against the compromising English connections of Christianity, and was eager to propitiate the legitimate prejudices of the natives by conforming himself in every

possible way to their modes of life. His zeal continually outran all considerations of prudence, and he owed much to his extraordinary strength of constitution. It would be difficult to find parallels in missionary history to his heroic exertions in the Derajat, a wild border-district chiefly inhabited by Afghans, and in Cashmere. Although much to his disgust he was compelled to accept a bodyguard, he succeeded in largely commending himself to the tribesmen.

He sought to cut himself off from European society, and live amongst the natives as much as possible. He would, if he could, have made himself the member of an Afghan tribe. He grew a beard against his own taste and to conciliate their prejudice, since he found they measured a man as much by his beard as his brains, or nearly so.

His immense physical exertions, aggravated by the climate and the character of the country, were not suffered to interrupt his linguistic studies; the strain of mind and spirit was only less than the strain of body. He seemed possessed with a restless energy which would not suffer him to be inactive, though signs of breakdown accumulated daily. He writes to his friend Stuart:—

I am trying to search out the Porindah Afghans in their tent villages, which are scattered over the country, hidden in the jungles, but chiefly near the Indus banks. It taxes one's nerves and strength heavily, for they are a strange race. I have unfortunately been rather broken in health by a long attack of intermittent fever, which renders me less able to bear the constant exposure this sort of life requires.

We are not surprised to learn that "a day or two after this he was providentially found by Dr. Fairweather stricken senseless in the jungle." The permanent result of these heroic exertions seems to have been slight; but there is evidence that at the time a great impression was made on the Afghans. One tribe actually proposed to make a contract with him to accompany them as religious teacher on their

journey to Khorassan, offering apparently to adopt him as a member of the tribe. "He speaks to us," it was remarked, "as a friend of our prophets."

French was attracted to Cashmere by its religious past. Buddhism which seems to have interested him only less than Mohammedanism, had found one of its greatest missionary centres in the mountain state. The traditions of the enthusiasm which had carried the gospel of Gautama into Tibet, twelve centuries ago, seemed to the ardent missionary prophetic of similar enthusiasm for the spread of a yet nobler Gospel in the future. Missionary operations had been for some years in progress in Cashmere; but they had led to slight results, partly, perhaps, because of the scandalous conduct of the numerous English who spent their holidays in the country. French wrote strongly of this disgraceful stumbling-block:—

British Christianity never shows itself in more fearfully dark and revolting aspect than in these parts. People seem to come here purposed to covenant themselves to all sensuality, and to leave what force of morality they have behind them in India.

Extraordinary opposition was aroused by the preaching of the missionaries. Sometimes it found sufficiently ridiculous expression. On one occasion a blind woman dispersed the congregation by "rushing about with a stick, laying about all that were present to hear;" on another, the disturbance came from "a drunken, frantic fakir, whom the enemies of truth put forward, who leapt into the air, with demoniacal gestures and distorted features, in the wildest, most fiendish manner." Complaints were made to the British resident, who vainly endeavored to moderate the ardor of the preachers. On a later visit to Cashmere, French took part in a great religious pilgrimage to the sacred cave of Amarnath. The account of this episode is deeply interesting, but it is too long to quote in full, and too finished to be quoted in part. It was characteristic

of French that even the crowd of debased and drunken mendicants suggested to him other ideas than those of mere disgust. They seemed to him excellent raw material of Christian workers:—

Their wandering, mendicant habits, and the way they intrude themselves on all classes of the community, and the awe, if not respect, which they inspire, render them capable, if under the influence of the Gospel, of being useful colporteurs or strolling preachers.

It would probably be untrue to describe French as a successful missionary; he certainly was by no means a popular preacher in the judgment of English congregations; he was too long, too enthusiastic, and too confused. It may, however, be doubted whether the effect produced by his personality did not outweigh his deficiencies as a preacher. His straightforward courage impressed the most hostile Pagans:—

I found [he writes during a missionary so successful for gathering a good and expedition among the Afghans] no place attentive audience as making straight for the mosque and inquiring for the moollah. Instead of hanging about the village and having one's object suspected, this was a definite and straightforward object; and besides often meeting in this way on equal terms with the moollah, the khans and other respectable villagers would congregate in the mosque.

It is evident that he exercised a strong fascination upon those who were habitually brought into close contact with him. His colleagues loved, his students adored him. On many occasions, notably during the Indian Mutiny, their devotion showed itself in action, which could leave no doubt of its sincerity. He appreciated their difficulties, as few other men did; and it is impossible to read his correspondence with his converts without gaining greater respect for the native Christians. It cannot be denied that, among the majority of educated Christians, the native converts bear no good name. It is not hard to see the causes of this. Generally speaking, the best members of any religious system are the least accessible to pro-



posals of change; the weaker and less constant are the first to yield to the missionary's appeal. If he can bring to bear political or social influences in support of his message—and there is good reason to think that in some parts of the mission-field such influences are not unknown—the quality of converts is likely to be still poorer. These facts go far to explain the instability of modern converts which weighs so heavily against them in the judgment of Englishmen. Apostasy is amazingly common. The able and well-informed *Times* correspondent in Madagascar has recently reported a striking example of apostasy. The converted Hovas, who have long enjoyed the highest reputation in missionary circles, are said to be repudiating both the profession and the practice of Protestant Christianity, to the shame and astonishment of the English missionaries, who at some risk to themselves have remained at their posts during the recent campaign. The same facile disposition which explained their conversion, explains also their apostasy.

It is, however, easy to be unjust to native Christians. The profession of Christianity is often beset by greater difficulties than any which we have experienced. That, in spite of these, converts should be made, argues real conviction, and not a little moral courage. We are apt, moreover, to expect too much from these neophytes. No student of the New Testament needs to be reminded that in apostolic days the conduct of Christians left much to be desired. Indeed a knowledge of the most recent missionary experience is perhaps not the least efficient preparation for the study of the earliest missionary records. The modern missionary has to deal with the same gross moral offences, the same startling practical abuses, sometimes the same strange doctrinal vagaries, as those which St. Paul rebuked in the Gentile churches, of which he was the founder. Again, it is easy to institute comparisons between ancient and modern missions greatly to the disparagement of the latter. The pace of

conversion appears so slow. The quality of missionary seems so commonplace; the procedure of missions so prosaic. We pass from the thrilling story of primitive missions, where the victory of the Cross proceeds among circumstances of romance and miracle, to the dull and spiritless "reports" of the latest successors of St. Patrick, St. Boniface, and St. Columba. The transition is too sudden; the difference is too painful. We are tempted to pronounce modern missions little better than an imposture; but we forget how distance lends enchantment to our view of the past. We fail to realize how slow, intermittent, filled with failures, stained with scandals, the actual process of those famous missionary achievements actually was. We forget how superficial the conversions of Catholic history were. The Christianity of the English in the centuries that followed the conversion was little more than the old Paganism veneered with Christian observances. Far into the Middle Ages the Church found it necessary to wage war with the heathen practices to which the common people obstinately clung. Nor must it be forgotten that the Christianity of Europe at this moment is largely nominal. A well-known East-end clergyman is reported to have exclaimed in answer to an inquiry as to the spiritual condition of his parish, "My parish is full of baptized heathen." The Bishop of London has quite recently made public statistics, which show that a mere fraction of the population is in communion with the National Church in the capital of the empire. These facts may well mitigate the harshness of the judgment which we are tempted to pass on the Christian communities of Asia and Africa.

On St. Thomas's Day, December 21, 1877, French was consecrated as first Bishop of Lahore in Westminster Abbey. Ten years later, on the same day, he resigned his see. Few episcopates have been richer in labors and in results. We have already alluded to his official connection with the government of India, which his position as



bishop involved. Here we may notice his strong affection for soldiers, a sentiment which during the Afghan war of 1878-79 found memorable expression. He visited the British camps in the neighborhood of Candahar, and endeared himself to all ranks by his frank fellowship and ready service.

Thus far, I think [he writes] those to whom my new work seems to have been most blessed are the British soldiers, but the natives keep their hold upon me rather determinately, and claim my sympathy and co-operation in what concerns them, and you may be sure this is no sorrow or trouble to me, whatever labor may be involved. Thus far I have been preserved wonderfully in health, more than I could have dared to hope, yet I feel it is a severe strain sometimes; and having felt it necessary to be a teetotaler (the soldiers in one camp made me take the pledge twenty-six times one night after a lecture! as they like my individualizing plan), I cannot take stimulants to keep up brain power.

For his services during the campaign the bishop was awarded the Afghan war-medal. The impression made on the soldiers is well illustrated by the expression publicly used by the colonel in command of a regiment which had suffered from cholera. After warmly thanking him for his work during the visitation, he said with a bright smile, "If there is a forlorn hope to be led, we will follow you to a man."

His episcopal responsibilities did not lessen his own ardor for missionary preaching. At the request of the Bishop of London he undertook a visitation of the Church Missionary Society's stations in Persia. This undertaking was commended to him by many considerations. The Persian language is generally spoken in northern India, and he desired to become proficient in its use. In visiting Persia, he was following the footsteps of his hero, Henry Martyn, who also had devoted himself to linguistic study. As a student of history he was attracted to the land which has played so great a part in history; to an ardent Christian, Persia had special interest as one of the

"Bible lands." The record of this expedition is rich in personal incidents, and in really fine descriptions of scenery. The ruins of Persepolis greatly impressed him. It is evident that constant travel had quickened rather than blunted his faculty of observation. The following account of his interview with a great Persian official is equally interesting and characteristic:—

The chief event of this day was a visit in the city to the Zill-i-Sultan (shadow of the sultan), Mazrat-i-Wala, the heir-apparent to the Persian throne probably. . . . After a ride of three miles we dismounted at the gate of the palace, and walked through two or three courts to an inner court with a rose-garden. A crowd of people were hanging about almost to the door of the chamber, in which the prince sat in a corner on pillows and shawls, with a single attendant,—a governor of Yazd, I understood. The prince did not arise, but beckoned to us to sit on chairs, and asked about me and my office in India, and about the viceroy. I told him of Lord Ripon's interest in education, and the wish of the Punjabis to be better instructed in morals. In this the prince seemed to take no interest. Bruce presented a well-bound copy of the Gospel to the prince, his new version of it, thus gaining the permission which Henry Martyn could not obtain. I took part by rising from my seat in the presentation, and told him that this was the greatest treasure of princes. I told him about Daniel and his prophecies of Christ and the coming kingdom. He was ignorant apparently of his connection with Persepolis, and of the coming of the Saviour again he seemed not to wish to hear. A picture by his side showed the looseness of his morals, but Bruce says he is reputed to be much more pure in morals than formerly. On the whole the visit was very disappointing; he seemed a mixture of Pilate and Felix, and would not be drawn to any serious thought apparently. He rose and shook hands friendly when we parted after half-an-hour's chat. Bruce told him how many languages I understood. I told him one letter of the knowledge of God was worth all the books of the philosophers. He fights hard with the moollahs, I believe, the battle of religious liberty, wishing that Christianity and Judaism and Babism

should be religions permitted by the State so far as that bloodshed in religious feuds should be prohibited.

An editorial note informs us, on the authority of Dr. Bruce, that the only remark vouchsafed by the Persian Gallio in acknowledgment of the Gospel presented to him was, "It is a pity you were not better occupied!"

During his Persian visit, and again five years later, after his resignation of his bishopric, when he traversed the country from the Persian Gulf to Palestine, French came much in contact with the Oriental Churches, and his relations with them throw light on the interesting question of his own ecclesiastical position. He appears to have always exhibited the greatest deference to the Church authorities of these ancient but depressed communities. He was received by them with much cordiality. They frankly recognized his episcopal character; he joined as bishop in their services, and received the Holy Communion according to their uses. The significance of this courtesy is, however, somewhat diminished by the bishop's very intimate relations with the Presbyterian Missions. It is evident that French formed a much higher opinion of the Eastern Churches than is common in this country. He describes their clergy not rarely in very laudatory terms; and his language is the more noteworthy since he clearly had scant sympathy with much of their church-practice. His journal bears abundant testimony to the proselytizing ardor of the Roman Church; and the courteous relations which obtained everywhere else seemed to have been exchanged for mutual suspicion in the case of that communion. "To the inquiry of what sort of Christian he was, the bishop answered: '*Katulik la Papaviya*' (Catholic not Papal), a formula he constantly rehearsed." French was far too just a man to withhold credit even from his ecclesiastical antagonists. Writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1888, he thus describes the Roman Church in Assyria:—

You will long since have been informed

of the vast and steadily growing influence and almost authority the Latin Church exercises in Mosul by State support from France and from Constantinople, by the wealth showered upon and into it, the splendor of its churches, . . . and the compact marshalling of educational forces, the attractive beauty of their services, and persuasiveness of their preaching in French and Arabic. . . . Somehow the thought must strike a casual observer that the monuments of Nineveh of the past pale before the prospective plan and policy of a Church which loves to revive empires, of which it shall wear or distribute the crowns. Most of all, however, they are buttressed up by their admirable and judicious school system—*i.e.*, for church purposes; and by requiring periodical visits to Rome of all their chief bishops and priests won over from Eastern Churches, and better still, by the laborious and, I should judge from what I learn and see, *exemplary* lives of their clergy and sisterhoods.

This is high praise, and it is frankly spoken. It is not hard to understand how, in spite of his great missionary services, French became an object of suspicion in Salisbury Square. The question so often addressed to him by Orientals was mooted in Protestant circles at home; his evangelical orthodoxy was distinctly doubtful. French had been trained in the narrow Evangelical school; and there are not lacking evidences that some of its prejudices clung to him to the end of his life. His letters, however, record a process of development, and it is evident that, long before his death, he had definitely severed himself from the sectarian proclivities of his earlier life. His intellect was too robust, his learning too extensive, his sympathies too broad, to permit of his being a satisfactory representative of the Church Missionary Society. His elevation to the episcopate necessarily loosened the ties which bound him to that society, while it brought into exercise that high notion of episcopal authority which, originally derived from his ecclesiastical studies, had been strengthened by his personal observation of the evils of religious individualism in the Mission-field. In his latter years, he was wont to describe

himself as a moderate High Churchman, and it is evident that he felt himself less and less at ease among Evangelicals as time passed. His last missionary undertaking was not supported by the Church Missionary Society, mainly, in his own belief, because of the distrust which the committee felt of his soundness in the matter of "Protestantism." In truth the texture of his mind was genuinely Catholic in the best sense of the word. We have seen how he habitually directed himself by the guidance of the great missionaries of Catholic history. He constantly studied the Fathers; St. Bernard was his companion on his missionary expeditions; "his books were the weightiest part of his baggage." The great French divines held a place in his regard only second to that held by the primitive Fathers. Dr. Pusey he esteemed as "one of the great saints of this century, though in some points certainly to be condemned." He was a devoted admirer of Archbishop Benson, whose famous ritual judgment he judged to be "quite a historical epoch in Church of England annals." Bishop Bickersteth of Japan, who was for some years his chaplain, contributes a most attractive description of his habit of life, from which we confine ourselves to a single extract:—

Emphatically he was among those who followed the apostolic model in giving themselves to prayer as well as the ministry of the word. "We will keep that room, please, as an oratory; we shall need the help," I can remember his saying, when we reached a dāk bungalow where we were to spend two or three days. Those of us who, as a rule, prefer written to extempore prayers would probably have made an exception in favor of those which the bishop offered, largely composed as they were of scriptural phrases linked together with great brevity and skill. At times he carried fasting so far as to weaken his strength for the work which had immediately to be done. He studied with care, and made frequent use of the chief devotional manuals. His love of hymns was intense. Like other saintly souls, he found in them the greatest support; and though he was not a

musician, and found difficulty in keeping in tune, he would insist on singing them on his journeys.

He called himself a "moderate High Churchman," but it may, perhaps, be doubted whether he could rightly be numbered in the ranks of any party or section. He had a mind large enough to say, like Mother Angelica Arnauld, "I am of all saints' order, and all saints are of my order." The genuine originality and independence of his character would always have prevented him from becoming "a good party man." He had perhaps the defect of his virtues. It is impossible to read his life without perceiving signs of a strain of impracticableness which must have made him a trying person in the eyes of secretaries and committees. He loathed advertising, and never shone in Exeter Hall. His unworldliness, probably, exposed him to much imposition. Occasionally it seems possible to discover a consciousness of this in his journals. He seems to have distributed books somewhat recklessly; every greedy native clamoring for his copies of the Gospel was transfigured by his enthusiasm into a genuine seeker after truth. In Cashmere a youth handed back torn the book he had eagerly taken. French notes the occurrence in his diary, and adds the remark, "Must give to boys and youths no more!"

The importance now attached in religious circles to that counsel of perfection—the reunion of Christendom—gives special interest to French's testimony to the mischiefs resulting from the existing anarchy. Quite early in his Indian career he had formed a strong opinion on the matter. "I fear Latitudinarianism and perfect liberty of private judgment," he wrote, "far more than I fear Romanism." He regarded with anxiety the movement for a new Indian Church, which, he thought, would start with the natural and laudable desire "to escape from the divisions and discussions of ancient Christendom," but would speedily advance to a repudiation of the faith itself. He endeavored to propitiate the legitimate impatience of merely West-

ern controversies by leading his students to the study of the earlier centuries of Christian history:—

I like them to know the habits and customs of worship and discipline in the early Church, which were often so much more Oriental and more free from stiffness than our English liturgical services, borrowed so largely from Rome. What with Plymouthism, the Baptists, and a variety of American sects, there is danger of a most disorganized and undisciplined state of things being normal among us, and this makes me wish they should have some groundwork of primitive church ordinance and discipline to frame themselves upon. You in England will hardly be able to appreciate the necessity for this as we can, so many of the dissenting missionaries teaching that each man's private judgment, guided by the Bible, is to be his supreme arbiter of truth, next, of course, to the European missionary, who would fain be church, and pope, and king, and everything.

Yet, though he appreciated the historic claims of the episcopate, and yielded to none in maintaining its practical value, he could not bring himself to refuse communion with non-Episcopalians:—

These dear, good American missionaries and professors will sit much nearer to the Lamb at His supper table, I believe, than I shall, and I should blush, if admitted there to think that I had warned them off the eucharistic table on earth.

Of one religious body, the Salvation Army, he writes in language of unqualified condemnation; and in view of the persistence with which the merits of that sect and its claims on public support are pressed, we think that this judgment by an unquestionably well-qualified authority has a considerable value:—

It is a trial to us [he wrote to Mr. Knox in 1886] that the Salvation Army lies in wait to draw away and alienate from us some of the best and holiest of our converts. Some of the most faithful and wholly consecrated among them they have lately inveigled and carried off to England for what they call their "International Congress." The bragging, vaunting spirit of the body is becoming so offensive

and shocking to those in whom is anything of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and the sectarian spirit taking such almost demoniacal possession of them, one must fear a terrible collapse some day of the whole system, which would, one fears, bring sad reproach and disgrace to the Christian name. I reasoned a long time, about a month since, with a new convert, trained by our most apostolic missionary, Mr. Bateman. He was quite pestered with telegrams to join the International Congress. I held him back for a time, but at length a more pressing and coaxing telegram persuaded him to go. How much money they must have spent in mere telegrams of this kind!

He wrote rather contemptuously of the affectionate language towards the Eastern Churches used by some English Churchmen, and expressed his belief that the newly stirred desire of self-reform," which is admittedly the most hopeful element in the ecclesiastical outlook of Oriental Christianity, was mainly due to the educational labors of the American Presbyterians. He noted with delight "a curious instance of practical reunion" in Tunis, where, in the absence of the Greek priest, an English clergyman "took baptisms and funerals in the Greek Church."

At the end of 1887, Bishop French laid down, amid numerous expressions of regard and regret, the diocesan charge which he had worthily borne for ten years. He had done much that could be seen and registered; the fine cathedral of Lahore was itself a noble memorial of his episcopate; probably he had effected much more the value of which will become apparent as time passes. He was now more than sixty years old, and he had lived a hard life. To spend the brief remainder of his days in peaceful repose at home in the society of his family, from which he had lived an exile for so long, might have seemed the natural conclusion of his arduous career. It is manifest, however, that in resigning his bishopric French had little idea of retiring from active work. He was giving place to that purely evangelistic zeal which

ever chafed against the administrative duties of the episcopate and clamored for freer course and wider reach. His linguistic ambition was strong as ever; "I have always been anxious to learn to talk Arabic as it is spoken in so many missionary lands," he writes to his son, and the rest of his life was actually devoted to an heroic attempt to master that difficult language, and, having mastered it, to use it in the very centre of the Moslem world.

On January 5, 1888, he left India and travelled slowly through the Turkish Empire to Beyrout, where he stayed to deal with his immense correspondence. For ten months he lived in Syria and Palestine, studying colloquial Arabic, and carrying on missionary work, wherever opportunity offered. It was reported to him that opinions were expressed in some quarters which seemed to convey censures on his life, as if he were insufficiently employed. He was the humblest of men, but he resented this injustice. "As if my nine or ten hours a day of hard work were mere idling or self-pleasing!" he wrote with legitimate indignation. In the spring of 1889 he returned to England, and for eighteen months he stayed at home, advocating the claims of mission work, and maturing his project for assaulting the centre of Moslem orthodoxy:—

I am trying to work at Arabic as if I were to go to the East again [he wrote in January, 1890] but I often fear this will not be permitted to me. I fear I should do so little good with a brain so weakened; yet surely to die in the mission-field is a wondrous honor, if Bishop Steere and Dr. Pfander spoke truly.

He received but scant sympathy from the recognized missionary authorities. "The C. M. S. is closed against me, I fear, as the penalty of my High Churchmanship." He wrote still more clearly of his plans in October of that year:—

I propose a journey for a few weeks or months, or more as God may appoint, to Egypt, via Tunis, to perfect myself in the Arabic tongue, and to inquire what is being done for Mohammedan missions most effectively in those parts.

In November, 1890, he finally left England, in order to "undertake a fresh spiritual crusade, to roll back the tide of Arab conquest, and plant the Cross above the Crescent." In Tunis he found occasion to criticise sharply the spiritual state of Cardinal Lavigerie's diocese. It is odd to read that the famous Roman advocate for temperance "has got most of the prizes at the Paris Exhibition for the finest vines and wines in which Carthage excels." His plans were still very indefinite. The one clear duty was the study of Arabic. Six hours daily he worked at the language with native teachers; he habitually associated with the native population in order to gain facility in expression; but his labor was darkened by the consciousness of increasing infirmity, and, as we read his letters, a sense of desertion:—

My work-day is drawing fast towards its evening shadows [he wrote to a friend, and added, with reference to his life in England] the societies cared little to get help from me. . . . Being of neither of the two great parties out and out, I fell between the two boats, and all this helped me to see my way Eastward again, besides a strong and growing sense of duty, and of not being released yet from my missionary vows.

In December he formally offered his services to the Church Missionary Society, finally choosing Muscat as the centre of his projected mission. His offer was rejected by the society, but his mind was made up. He would, to use his own words, "stand as a door-keeper waiting to open it to any younger and stronger men whom it may please God to send to occupy this post." Accompanied by Mr. Maitland, he established himself in Muscat, and began his work. Difficulties of all kinds arose; the Arabs were fanatical; the British agent was unsympathetic. French was indomitable; he lived the life of a fakir; and his asceticism appealed to the Arabs, from whom his message could secure scant attention. He gained entrance into the mosques, and was permitted to preach the Gospel in the temples of Islam. The villagers



told him he was no Englishman, but an Arab; and on one occasion "a large party of Arabs" labored to convert him to the Moslem faith:—

It was a new experience to me [he observes] but useful as enabling me better to understand the feeling an Arab or Hindu would have in being so approached with a view to changing a faith dear to him as life itself, and so with the Moslems it usually is.

Mr. Maitland left him; he was absolutely isolated in the society of the most fanatical Mohammedans in the world. The strain of his labors grew ever severer, as his strength failed. He was bringing himself to acquiesce in failure. "I don't think that I shall ever be sorry that I made an attempt, how feeble and unsuccessful soever, to reach the poor Arabs." The end was not far distant. "If we would win these Moslem lands for Christ, we must die for them," he had said prophetically to Dr. Bruce. He himself was destined to illustrate his words. He had resolved to penetrate to the interior of the peninsula; but he had suffered much from fever, and was in no condition for travel. His purpose, however, was firm, and he began his journey. Beyond Sib, a town about thirty miles from Muttra, he was unable to proceed. He was carried back to Muscat, where he died on the 14th of May, 1891.

We said that this life provided the best defence of Christian Missions and the most searching criticism of missionary methods. That such a life should be possible, is evidence, if any be needed, that the power of the Gospel to seize and possess men is as great in the nineteenth century as in any previous age; that such a missionary should find himself suspected and practically repudiated by the principal Missionary Society of the English Church, suggests cause for much searching of heart. We have claimed for these volumes a permanent place in the literature of missions. We commend them to the study of all who are tempted to think that heroism and sainthood are the peculiar properties of

the past. We believe that French's failure at Muscat will be potent for good, for in the spiritual sphere there are defeats that really serve the cause which they seem at first sight to imperil.

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From *The Argosy*.  
THE TROUBLES OF A HOSTESS.

# I.

It was exactly like Alfred Warrenne to send a telegram to his cousin to meet him in the refreshment-room of a London railway-station. It was equally characteristic of Neville Warrenne to obey the summons with much inward annoyance, skilfully masked under a pleasing society smile. That smile, coupled with an unrivalled capacity for making himself useful to his hostesses, was worth an income to him in the course of the year, yet how he longed at times for a sufficient independence to permit of his being as badly mannered as his neighbors, nobody knew but himself. He was naturally a good-tempered young man; but to be compelled to be good tempered always, as the price of your admittance into society, is about the most fatiguing thing imaginable.

"I knew you would not mind meeting me here," said Alfred, hurrying into the refreshment-room some ten minutes late for his appointment. "I am only passing through London, and I wanted to see you particularly, so I thought it would save time if we had our luncheon here—"

"If it's to be a case of luncheon, why not go out and have it comfortably in some decent place?" urged Neville.

"Why, this is all right. Here's some cold beef—that's just what I like," and Alfred sat down at a vacant table, and began to carve the huge joint in front of him. "You won't have some? No? Why, it's capital!"

Neville looked on with a barely concealed expression of disgust, whilst his cousin emptied one plate of cold beef,



and proceeded to help himself to a second. This flagrant violation of all the laws of comfort, on the part of a rich man, struck him as little short of an exhibition of imbecility.

"I thought you wanted to tell me something," he said, with a shade of fretfulness.

"Ah! Of course! I want to ask you—that's to say to show you a letter—where have I put it, I wonder?" And Alfred, pushing his hat still further on the back of his head, jumped up, and began feeling excitedly in all the pockets of his dusty overcoat.

"Why do you wear that horrid great wrap in this broiling weather?" interposed the younger man. "It makes one quite faint to see you!"

"It was rather cold crossing the channel," said Alfred meekly, "and I was afraid of losing it afterwards if I took it off. I have lost so many great-coats that way. Ah, here's the letter. I knew I had put it away safely," and he triumphantly produced a large pocket-book, bulging with loose papers. "There! Did you ever see anything like that? It's a sketch of an orchid of which there are only two or three known specimens. When I was in Brazil—"

"Yes. Very pretty—very interesting," interrupted Neville. "But I presume you did not send for me to see the orchid, did you?"

"Of course not. It was about Mrs. Tansley's letter. You see she wants me to stay there next week for a ball or something. The worst of it is, she asked me a couple of months ago, and I stupidly said I would come if I happened to be at home at the time, thinking I was quite safe. Now I have had to return to England on business, and the first thing I find lying in my rooms is a note from Mrs. Tansley, begging that I will not fail her at the last, as she has balanced her party with the greatest care."

"Well, it won't hurt you to go."

"I couldn't do it—I couldn't really," said Alfred excitedly. "I have not been to a ball since those terrible festivities sixteen years ago, when I came

of age. Now, it would be nothing to you."

"True, only unfortunately I'm not asked," replied Neville.

"Well, that's just the point. I was thinking you might go in my place, you are such a good fellow, I'm sure you won't mind helping me out of a difficulty. You see I don't like throwing Mrs. Tansley over at the last—country neighbors and everything. Whereas, if I suggest that my cousin, who is staying with me—you're not exactly, but no matter—will come in my place as I am detained on matters of business. After all, you will be much more use at a ball than I am."

"Granted," said Neville. "But as you were probably invited in your capacity of large landed proprietor, it's doubtful whether I shall be a very welcome substitute."

"What nonsense you talk," growled Alfred, growing very red, as if absolutely ashamed of his pecuniary advantages. "Of course they will be delighted to get an Apollo of five-and-twenty instead of me. That's too self-evident to be worth arguing about."

"But I'm not sure after all that I care about going," said Neville, with a feeble show of resistance. "Oh, yes! I can get away from the office right enough. It isn't that. What sort of people are they?"

"Just the sort you will like and get on with. Very rich and always giving parties. I don't know them personally," added Alfred, as an after thought, "but they have bought the Hauteville's place, and somebody said they were charming. They are certainly very friendly, judging by the number of invitations they have lavished on me, but the only time I called, they were all out."

"What sized family?" demanded Neville critically.

"An only daughter, I believe—"

"That sounds well as far as it goes. Mind, if I consent to do your dirty work, you must write to Mrs. Tansley and make all the arrangements. I will go down to Warrenne the night before,

and you can order one of your carriages to drive me over to the Tansley's. It's not far, is it?"

"Ten or twelve miles, I think. But you shall certainly be driven over. I will write to the coachman, and tell the housekeeper to get a room ready for you," said Alfred gratefully. "If you only knew how I hate all that sort of thing. Dancing, I mean, and talking inanities to strangers all day. But you can't guess the misery of feeling thoroughly out of one's element."

"Well, no, I don't often feel that," remarked Neville, glancing at his own handsome reflection in the large gilt-framed glass over the fireplace. Then looking at the plain little man, in a shabby overcoat and rusty hat, who represented the head of the family, he thought, with some bitterness, that the absurdity of the law of primogeniture had never been better illustrated than when Alfred inherited a fine property, whilst he himself was doomed to a life of inglorious labor in a government office. "I verily believe," he said aloud, "that your chief reason for going round and round the world like the Wandering Jew is to avoid having to entertain and be entertained."

"Perhaps it is," replied Alfred meekly. "But you won't forget Mrs. Tansley next week, will you?" he added anxiously. "You see, as she has made up her party, counting on me, and persists that I promised to come, I feel——"

"You can trust me," interrupted Neville. "I will pay your debt of honor. Only you must write and explain."

"Of course I will, at once. By-the-by, did I show you those wonderful Brazilian beetles?"

"Yes, indeed, I saw all your specimens just now," said Neville hurriedly, pulling out his watch. "Can't spare another moment. Good-bye. Mind you order my room for Monday."

## II.

A brilliant August day was drawing to its close as Neville drove up the long

avenue to Straymere Park. He had come down from town the previous day, and spent the night at his cousin's place, which was kept up solely for the benefit of a host of old family servants. Neville made himself very much at home during his short sojourn at Warrene. The servants were obviously delighted to see him, and could not avoid contrasting this handsome, genial young man with their shy, taciturn master, whose prolonged absences were in their eyes a crime not to be atoned for by his really excellent qualities.

Neville's first appearance at Straymere was a carefully calculated affair. Nobody knew better than he did the value of a judiciously timed arrival. To be introduced to a large party of strangers covered with the smuts and dust inseparable from a long railway journey is to start by being put at a disadvantage. Besides, when travelling by train one usually reaches one's destination either too early or too late for perfect convenience. However, Neville was spared all these trials, for in accordance with his carefully arranged programme, he drove up to Straymere just half an hour before dinner, looking such a favorite of fortune, with his handsome person set off by the well turned out dog-cart, as to elicit an exclamation of delight from a portly lady who was anxiously watching the drive from the door-step.

"Mr. Warrene! At last!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands buoyantly. "We had given you up, and I was just hurrying in to write a note to Mr. Hill—that's our village doctor, you know, a very harmless young man. I always send for him or the curate if we are thirteen at dinner, or any one drops off at the last. But now I needn't write as you are here instead. Not that there's any comparison between you and poor Mr. Hill, who is really so shy that, except for making the table look better, he might just as well not be there——"

"You expected me, I hope?" interrupted Neville, who having realized that he was in the presence of his

hostess, had jumped out of the dog-cart. "You got the letter explaining my—"

"Now, dear Mr. Warrene, don't ask if we expected you! Don't oblige me to confess that I have been on the lookout for you all day!" exclaimed the lady with an amount of volubility that bore down all opposition. "Put yourself in my place, Mr. Warrene," she continued dramatically. "Pledged to take a party to the tennis-club ball to-morrow, and only five dancing men in the house, and one of them threatened to have the gout this morning! And here I've got together the nine nicest girls of my acquaintance; the nine muses I call them, though perhaps I oughtn't to say so as one of them is my own daughter. And all of them naturally expecting to dance the whole evening. Stella—my daughter, Miss Tansley that is—always says she can tire out any two men. And we all know what was thought of Lady Henrietta last year when she brought that troop of girls, and only one young man between the lot. I should die of shame if I had to do such a thing!"

"On the whole it is just as well that I came," remarked Neville. "Dancing isn't one of my cousin's accomplishments. Now if modesty did not forbid it, I might say that I am pretty useful in a ball-room."

"Ah! What were you saying about a ball-room?" exclaimed Mrs. Tansley, whose mind was perpetually darting off at a tangent. "If you want a really good floor you should dance in our library. It's like glass, and in the most perfect order; but we've spared no expense, and if there is a subject I understand—but Mr. Tansley wouldn't hear of our giving a ball this week; indeed, at his age one could hardly expect him to like the fuss, though of course I manage everything, and I don't despair some evening, after dinner, of getting up a little impromptu—"

"What time do you dine?" interrupted Neville abruptly. He was not naturally abrupt, but experience was beginning to teach him that it re-

quired really strong measures to check his hostess's flow of conversation.

After a hurried comparison between the jewelled watch on Mrs. Tansley's wrist, and the hall clock, it was discovered that there was not a moment to be lost, and Neville thankfully escaped to his room in the charge of a servant. On the whole he was pleased with his reception. The house appeared large and well appointed. His quick eye had detected unmistakable signs of wealth in all the surroundings, and to a young man intent upon getting as much as he could out of his acquaintances, this meant a great deal.

The crash of a loud dinner-bell some time later summoned Mr. Warrene to descend. But just as he was in the act of leaving his room, the sound of two highly pitched female voices made him draw back hastily, and stand hidden behind the half-opened door. It is always awkward to stumble into the middle of family scenes, and from the few words he had already caught, it was easy to conjecture that Mrs. Tansley had rather injudiciously selected the staircase as a fitting place in which to have a difference of opinion with her daughter.

"No necklace! no bracelets!" were the first audible words that he caught. "Go to your room and put them on at once. Fancy a girl in your position coming down to dinner with no jewellery but a little two-penny bangle! Why, you'll be worse dressed than Alice Merton!"

"Mamma, I do wish you would try to keep a little up-to-date," replied a fresh young voice, in accents of scornful remonstrance. "No girls pile on jewellery in these days. I have a few diamonds stuck about in my hair, and if people are so stupid they can't see what money I've wasted on this dress, ten necklaces won't produce an impression upon them."

"Do you really think so?" in a doubtful tone.

"Of course! Why, don't you remember when we dined with Lady Geraldine in London?"

Neville could not catch what followed, but apparently Miss Tansley was advancing some convincing argument, for presently he heard his hostess in a somewhat querulous voice remark that she did not see what was the good of having things if nobody saw them, but of course Stella must follow the fashion.

"And perhaps I shall take off two or three of my bracelets," she concluded. "I don't want to look as if I didn't know what is—"

"Now, mamma, don't be ridiculous. If I prefer looking young to looking rich is that any reason why you should rush away and tear off the family diamonds?"

"Stella, how dare you be so disrespectful!"

"Well, you have had them nearly five years, surely that constitutes an heirloom, doesn't it? Why, I have made a point of alluding to Straymere as the home of my forefathers ever since we bought it. After all, what would life be without its fictions? One must work things up a little, beginning with one's complexion."

Neville felt an uncontrollable desire to make the acquaintance of the last speaker, so after cautiously intimating his approach by upsetting a chair with as much noise as possible, he strolled out of the room. Many gorgeous looking women had he been privileged to know before, but never one who conveyed so overwhelming a sense of splendor as Mrs. Tansley when she confronted him on the staircase in full evening dress. An elaborately arranged head of hair, of that striking shade poetically termed Venetian red, surmounted a carefully devised costume of scarlet and gold brocade. There was a time when Mrs. Tansley had lived in modest greys and browns, in the fond hope of softening down her vivid coloring; but of late years she had made artistic friends, who had enabled her to appreciate her natural gifts at their full worth.

Miss Tansley in no way reproduced her mother's florid comeliness. She was small, dark, and vivacious; whilst

the perfect simplicity of her beautifully fitting, white dress could not fail to attract Neville's attention after the little dispute he had overheard.

"My daughter—Mr. Warrene," exclaimed Mrs. Tansley, recovering her usual smile with great presence of mind as the young man appeared. "Stella, here is Mr. Warrene. He and I are quite old friends already. We have so many tastes in common. I am sure he has an eye for color and an ear for music, like my own. I could see it at once! My love, what is that sweet air that has been running through my head all day? Something like this it went—" and she began to hum in a fragmentary style, as she tripped down the stairs with an agility which did great credit to her years.

"Oh! come on, mamma!" said her daughter briskly. "You know it's past dinner-time, and I have something better to do than identify all the stray things that get into your head. Why can't you keep it empty like mine?"

"For shame! You naughty girl!" cried Mrs. Tansley, playfully threatening the offender with a plump jewelled fist. "What will Mr. Warrene think if you talk like that?"

Mr. Warrene prudently kept his thoughts to himself, but five minutes later, when, singled out from a crowd of men to take Miss Tansley in to dinner, he quite made up his mind that his hostess, though eccentric, was possessed of genuine discrimination and good taste. A general favorite on account of his many social gifts, Neville was often bitterly conscious that all his services were forgotten at the first approach of a better speculation from a matrimonial point of view. It did not often fall to his lot to be entrusted with the care of an heiress who was also the only daughter of the house.

"Well, what do you think of us all?" inquired Stella, as they took their seats at the brilliantly lighted dinner-table. "We are rather a menagerie, aren't we?"

"You seem a very pleasant party," replied Neville cautiously, determining

not to make any indiscreet admissions until better acquainted with his company.

"Oh, I'm glad we look pleasant," rejoined the girl. "Appearances are proverbially deceptive, but we won't dwell on that point or it may discourage your enthusiasm for our society. I dare say you have no idea, to begin with, that we are mostly celebrities, although we look so astonishingly like other people. The old gentleman with a bald head would have been a Royal Academician years ago if the merits of his works had not aroused the jealousy of an overwhelming mass of rivals. Yes, it's quite true. I had it on his own authority. The lady in a green dress is a Russian spy; at least mamma has taken her up on that assumption, but I believe myself she is a fraud. As for my neighbor with the eyeglass, he has written a play, though owing to some whim of the lord chamberlain's it has not yet been produced. The rest of us are supposed to be remarkable as beauties, leaders of fashion, musicians, geniuses of some sort—"

"But I fail to see in what my qualifications for this august assembly consist," interrupted Neville.

Stella smiled sweetly. "We wanted a finished example of a conventional young man," she observed.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Warrene, growing very red. "And if it is not impertinent, what type do you represent yourself?"

"Why, a baby might guess that!" rejoined Stella quickly. "The desirable heiress, of course! Now let me introduce you to my best friend, Miss Merton. Now then, Alice, take your turn at entertaining Mr. Warrene; I'm worn out."

The young lady thus stirringly addressed was seated on the other side of Neville, and acknowledged the introduction by such a formal bow that in spite of her undeniably prepossessing appearance he took an instinctive dislike to her. However, Miss Tansley's best friend was clearly not a person to be neglected, and suppress-

ing a slight feeling of annoyance at being so peremptorily dismissed, he began to make himself agreeable.

It was a hard task. Miss Merton coldly acquiesced in his dissertations on the weather, the theatres, and the last royal wedding. Her regular features and dignified bearing rendered this procedure extremely discouraging. After a time Mr. Warrene ceased his efforts to maintain a conversation, and relapsed into a mortified silence.

"Do you ever go to the British Museum?" inquired Miss Merton abruptly, as if suddenly aware of her deficiencies.

Neville stared blankly. "I have heard on reliable authority that such a place exists," he began. "I fancy I have even met people who have seen it. But personally I am keeping that, and a searching investigation of Siberian prisons, as resources against the inevitable boredom of old age."

Miss Merton did not pay his little joke the compliment of even a passing smile. "I thought I must be mistaken," she replied gravely. "Very few people care for that kind of thing."

"But you must not imagine that I am totally devoid of intelligent interests," said Neville; and began to expatiate at some length on the number of high-class concerts that he had frequented during the past season. He took considerable trouble to suit his conversation to the presumed interests of his auditor. Not that he liked highly educated women, who took life seriously, but he had a growing conviction from Miss Merton's chilly manner that she was a person of some social importance, with whom it would be advantageous to get on intimate terms.

It was a great relief, however, when Miss Tansley suddenly broke into the conversation with as much impetuosity as she had backed out of it, and rattled on with one unceasing flow of merry chatter until the end of dinner.

"Now, don't you gentlemen keep us waiting long!" cried Mrs. Tansley, as she swept out of the dining-room in the wake of the nine muses. "We

must keep the ball rolling, you know, must keep it rolling. Ah, baron! You are the only man of taste among them." These last words were addressed to a retired foreign diplomatist who had boldly announced his intention of withdrawing with the ladies. "There is a gallantry about your nation—a *je ne sais quoi*—that throws us poor islanders sadly into the shade. Quant à moi, I am cosmopolitan, au bout des ongles, as you say; but, monsieur, mon mari is British, very British!"

Mr. Tansley smiled apologetically from the end of the table. He was accustomed to the accusation and bore it meekly.

Half an hour later the state drawing-room, all freshly decorated in pale blue and silver, was the scene of high revels. Hastily improvised charades were in course of preparation behind the curtain of a large bow window, whilst Mrs. Tansley, regally enthroned in a velvet armchair at the other end of the room, was expatiating to Neville Warrene on her conception of the duties of a perfect hostess.

"You see, Mr. Warrene, in our position we have to be always entertaining, so I have made a great study of the subject," she was saying. "No person would imagine how much thought I put into these parties. You won't mind my saying it, I hope, but society in the country is apt to be so provincial—so very provincial! Now I'm not content with just asking our neighbors—of course you are an exception, Mr. Warrene. So different from all these good, dull country people who can talk of nothing but county councils and the rent of their farms. I assure you I feel it very much after the brilliant artistic and literary circles in which I have been accustomed to move. But I flatter myself that I have collected a select representative gathering. Look at the baron, for instance, a man of world-wide celebrity." Neville did look, and was so amused by watching that elderly diplomatist's advances to Miss Merton, and her contemptuous rejection of the same, that he temporarily lost the thread of Mrs. Tansley's

discourse. "I am sure you agree with me, Mr. Warrene?" said that lady presently, and the direct appeal recalled him to his senses.

"Yes, of course," he said hastily, not having an idea to what proposition he was assenting.

"Ah, I knew you would. I can see that we shall agree in most things," continued his hostess, gesticulating archly with her plump white hands. "Well, as I was saying, it does not do to get a lot of young people together, and then leave them to amuse themselves. You have no idea how much arranging it requires to keep them occupied. I verily believe if I did not plan something for every hour of the day that they would do nothing but sit and talk. Stella! Stella!" she continued, elevating her voice, "when will those charades be ready. I wonder? You know I have arranged a little concert to follow, and if you are not quick there won't be time."

"Oh, do be quiet, mamma!" interrupted Miss Tansley from behind the curtain, speaking with that frank disregard for parental authority that characterized all her utterances. "Mr. Warrene," she added, "if you are doing nothing else would you like to take the hero's part in 'Beauty and the Beast?' It only involves wearing a bear's-skin carriage-rug over your head and growling."

This hardly sounded a very seductive prospect, yet Neville was ready to welcome any excuse for making an escape from his present position. "I will just see if I can be of any help to them," he observed politely.

"Certainly, Mr. Warrene, certainly! But you must allow me to speak to my daughter first. The Beast, indeed! A most inadequate part for you to undertake. I couldn't hear of such a thing in my house. Surely there are plenty of other people who would make very suitable Beasts; young Hill, for instance, or Johnnie Brown." The approach of a servant with some coffee at this moment diverted Mrs. Tansley's attention, and Neville seized the opportunity to slip off unperceived.



"Well, I am ready for anything," he remarked, gliding behind the curtain, "but with the thermometer at eighty, I warn you it will be a case of a coroner's inquest if I am kept long in a bear's skin."

"Dear me! Didn't you recognize that was my little joke," said Stella calmly. "I thought you would be admiring my strategy in rescuing you from mamma. The charade in point of fact happens to be Queen Eleanore and Fair Rosamond, and as there are at least six girls competing for the honor of being poisoned, I really don't think that my presence is required. What do you say to cooling ourselves on the terrace?"

Suiting the action to the word Miss Tansley quietly unfastened one of the long French windows, and stepped out into the moonlight, followed by Neville.

### III.

Twelve hours later Neville Warrene sauntered down to breakfast in possession of several useful facts calculated to influence his behavior in a considerable degree. In a corner of the smoking-room the previous night, he had struck up a friendship with the literary young man, and after listening to an exhaustive account of his grievances in connection with the unpublished play, had gradually drawn the conversation on to the present company. Few pleasures exceed that of imparting personal information. In a very short space of time Neville learnt all that he required.

"Yes, I've known them all for years," said Mr. Bannock, as he meditatively lighted his third cigarette. "I knew old Tansley before Cordella persuaded him to retire from business—she was called Charlotte in those days. A fine woman with a singular capacity for mental development."

"You are referring to our hostess?"

"Certainly. You did not think I meant Stella? What a pretty little girl she was ten years ago, to be sure!" said Mr. Bannock regretfully.

"I don't see much the matter with Miss Tansley now," interposed Neville.

"On the surface she is pretty passable. Very good tempered and all that," admitted Mr. Bannock. "But she is absolutely devoid of all the higher emotions. She talks like the heroine of a sporting novel, and acts like an American." As if satisfied with this definition he closed his eyes, and smoked in silence for some minutes. "But they do get together a mixed lot here," he continued presently. "I shall have to speak to Cordella about it; she ought to consult me before she makes up her parties. That Russian woman now, I'm sure she has served me in a hair-dresser's shop somewhere."

"That Miss Merton is handsome," said Neville interrogatively.

"Miss Merton? Oh, you mean that girl Stella makes such a fuss about. She gives lessons or something in London. I never can make out why they have her here, for she is deadly dull. Some fad of Stella's, I suppose. I dare say she only does it to annoy her mother."

After listening to a good deal more information in this strain, Mr. Warrene rejoined the party on the following morning feeling that he held a map of the country in his hand. One immediate result of his discoveries was that he wasted no more time in trying to entertain Miss Merton. His interest as well as his dislike had vanished away on learning the insignificance of her position. Her profile even looked less regular since he had heard that she was only a guest on sufferance; whilst a dignified silence that enforced respect as the outcome of pride, was utterly inexcusable if merely the result of dulness or timidity.

"Now then? What are we all going to do this morning?" cried Mrs. Tansley, surveying the long breakfast table with conscious pride from her post behind the large silver urn. She had collected together a more than usually large galaxy of beauty and talent, as she was pleased to term it, which meant that every corner of the house was full to overflowing, and each individual guest's comfort slightly curtailed in consequence. "Now then!

"What shall it be?" she repeated. "Tennis or golf? And some of you can ride. Stella, my love, how many can ride? Six, isn't it, if we count the carriage horses and the luggage pony?"

"Oh, mamma! Do spare us in this heat. Tennis before lunch, and riding carriage horses along a dusty road! We shall all be dead before the evening if we go on at this rate. What do the rest of you say?"

It appeared that the entire party, though individually too much afraid of Mrs. Tansley to rebel, were collectively in favor of doing nothing. Immediately after breakfast some slight show of activity was maintained by several men strolling about with tennis rackets and golf clubs as long as their hostess was in sight; but no sooner did household cares absorb her attention, than with one consent they all collapsed into hammocks and shady garden seats.

Neville was exceptionally fortunate. Whilst he was sauntering rather disconsolately along the terrace, and wondering if he owed it to a hostess, who in the main had treated him so well, to try and fall in with her wishes, he happened to meet Stella looking radiantly fresh in pink cotton, and carrying a large basket.

It soon transpired that she was going to pick water lilies on the lake, and was actually searching for a companion.

"Oh, yes. I suppose you will do as well as anybody else," she observed cheerfully when Neville proffered his assistance. But he was beginning to understand her, and chose to view the remark in the light of a pressing invitation, and act accordingly.

Picking water lilies involved a great deal that was pleasant, including a prolonged lounge in a comfortable cushioned boat, safely moored under the overhanging boughs of the fine trees by which the ornamental water was surrounded. Stella was exceedingly communicative, more so than was altogether prudent, or perhaps in good taste, considering the shortness of their acquaintance. She was just

making very merry at the expense of their artistic circle, and declaring that her companion was the first civilized white man who had strayed into it for months, when her face suddenly clouded over with a look of speechless consternation.

"Unfasten the rope, Mr. Warrene," she whispered, "and get us out into the middle of the lake. As quick as you can, and don't look up."

In spite of this injunction, Neville could not resist raising his eyes when he had pulled a few yards out from the bank. "I say," he began, "Isn't that Mrs. Tansley waving her handkerchief to us?"

"Of course it is," rejoined Stella sharply, "and if you don't go on quicker we shall soon be near enough to hear what she says; in which case I suppose you are prepared to undertake some violent form of exercise without further delay."

With a few vigorous strokes the boat shot out from the bank, and Neville never relaxed his efforts until they were partially hidden behind a diminutive island covered with ornamental shrubs.

"That will do," said Stella; "now I will hold the parasol over my face, and you be absorbed in picking water-lilies."

"There aren't any," objected Neville. "they don't grow out in this deep water."

"Very well, then, pretend to be lacing your boots, or picking up lost pins or something! Keep your head down, at all events, if you can't devise any other occupation. There! Mamma has given it up already," continued Miss Tansley. "If I had been rowing with some people she would have gone on calling twice the time; but she has such a strange partiality for you, as she frequently remarks."

Mr. Warrene thought this observation reflected great credit on his hostess's perspicacity, and could not help feeling rather ashamed of the duplicity with which he was now acting.

"We are safe now," said Stella

calmly, lowering her parasol and looking round.

Mrs. Tansley's portly figure could be seen hurrying from group to group upon the lawn, digging the young men out of their hammocks, and stirring the girls up from the depths of their novels. One watchful couple were distinctly visible stealing away amongst the trees at her approach.

Neville caught his companion's eyes, and they both burst out laughing. It was difficult to stay long at Straymere and preserve a perfectly respectful attitude towards its mistress.

"She means it well," rejoined Stella calmly; "it's her idea of amusing people. We've solved the problem of perpetual motion in this house. But I'm going to have a headache this afternoon. It's a luxury I always allow myself when the house is full."

The young man found it difficult to reply prudently to this observation, and took refuge in suggesting that they should begin to search for water-lilies.

"The dear things!" cried Stella, as she recklessly plunged her sleeve into the depths and dragged at the great fleshy stems. "Supposing I wore some in my hair to-night instead of—well, instead of any other ornaments, you know. How would that be?"

"Very damp, I fancy," answered Neville, cutting off the flowers, and letting the dripping trail of roots and water-weeds slip back into the pool.

"Well, I suppose so," said the girl plaintively; "it does not do to run counter to public opinion. For instance, I doubt whether you would dance with me if I trickled like a water-nymph."

"Try me," interposed Mr. Warrene, all the more gallantly because certain that he would not be put to the test.

"Don't be nervous," remarked Miss Tansley. "Mamma would have a fit, so filial piety forbids the experiment. Now perhaps we had better row back to the landing-place. You can carry the lilies up to the house, and I will hold my parasol over them so that they shall not fade in the sun."

Neville did as he was told, and on landing, obediently took up the heavy basket, dripping with muddy water, and carried it back to the house. He could not see Stella's face concealed behind that red silk parasol, but he had an uneasy sense that she was laughing at him all the while.

"And now, Mr. Warrene, there are several things that I want to ask your opinion on," began Mrs. Tansley, as the party dispersed from the luncheon-table that afternoon. "You remember this house before we had it? No? Why, that's unfortunate; I should like you to have seen the change. All the people about say they shouldn't know it to be the same place. But what could you expect from no taste and no money?"

"A despicable combination," murmured Neville.

"But I flatter myself we have changed all that," continued his hostess, not heeding the interruption. "The best things from the best places—nothing else contents me—and you must know I am very particular. It isn't everything that will do. Now this cabinet, for instance, is unique. There is a secret drawer on the left-hand side that the dealer assured me he had never met with in any similar piece of furniture. But one has to pay for gratifying one's taste, Mr. Warrene, one has to pay pretty heavily. And now you must come and see how I've done up the gallery."

All through that long sultry afternoon did Neville wearily dance attendance on Mrs. Tansley, striving, from time to time, to exhibit a decent amount of interest in the cracked china, Wardour Street furniture, and imitation tapestries with which both rooms and passages were profusely decorated. The details of Mrs. Tansley's interminable bargains with second-hand furniture dealers were apt to pall upon her guests; but when once at the mercy of their hostess, few people had sufficient courage and dexterity to escape before the circuit of the house had been completed. There was a legend, indeed, to the effect that some elderly

lady, having turned faint during one of these exhausting progresses, only recovered from her temporary indisposition to find that two footmen had been summoned carrying an invalid-chair, in which she was compelled to complete the tour of inspection.

Tired and bored, Neville resigned himself sullenly to his fate. Once, through a half-opened door, he caught a glimpse of the master of the house, reading and smoking in enviable solitude.

"Of course, a man of my husband's age requires a good deal of rest," explained Mrs. Tansley apologetically. "He spends most of his day in there when we are a large party, and can't bear to be disturbed by anybody—not even me."

"Indeed!" said Neville thoughtfully. He was beginning to respect the ingenuity with which Mr. Tansley humored his wife's whims concerning the great disparity of their ages. It pleased her to refer to him as an old man, and by accepting the situation he secured an amount of repose and immunity from worry that would have been otherwise unattainable.

At length, when the afternoon was far advanced, Neville escaped on the plea of writing important letters; but it is doubtful whether even this excuse would have availed him much if Mrs. Tansley had not opportunely recollected that the rest of her guests were enjoying themselves undisturbed.

"Dear me!" she suddenly exclaimed, "I must go and see if they are getting up something in the way of theatricals for to-morrow. Or, now it is cooler, some of the young people might like to play tennis. Mr. Warrene, when your letters are finished I hope you will join us."

Neville did not commit himself by making any reply. In point of fact his attention was much absorbed in debating whether he had caught a glimpse of Stella seated by her father's side, and heard a suppressed burst of laughter as he retreated down the passage in the wake of his voluble hostess.

This suspicion made him feel so sulky, that with an unwonted breach of good manners he came down very late for dinner, and subsided into the first vacant seat, which happened by chance to be next Alice Merton. His absence had created no remark, for the meal was a horrid informal affair, everybody being somewhat oppressed by the necessity of presently starting on a ten-mile drive. Stella did not come to dinner, either her headache was really bad, or as seemed more probable, she was reserving herself to appear with greater effect later on.

From sheer force of habit, when sitting next a good-looking girl, Neville began to make himself agreeable to Miss Merton. Her manner, though still stiff, seemed somewhat to have relaxed in severity at the prospect of the coming festivities, and with an unusually gracious smile, she promised to keep one of the first dances for him. Mr. Warrene was already on excellent terms with the other girls in the house, so that there was every prospect of his having a well-employed evening. With a view to resting before his impending exertions, he allowed the two closely packed covered wagonettes to drive off, remaining lost in obscurity whilst Mrs. Tansley was loudly clamoring for his presence, and only emerging in time to claim a seat in the dog-cart which was bringing up the rear with a stray man or so.

In consequence of this delay, the ball was in full swing before Neville arrived at the assembly rooms of the little town where the tennis club held its annual revels. The first person he met in the crowded passage outside the cloak-room was Mr. Bannock, helplessly scrutinizing the passers-by through his eyeglass.

"Well, have you been at it long?" remarked Neville, touching him on the shoulder.

The other started at the sound of his voice. "Oh, then you have come at last," he rejoined, with rather an unpleasant emphasis. "I thought I should have to spend the night looking for you. What's the matter, indeed! Why,

Miss Tansley declares she is engaged to you for this dance, and is turning the room upside down to find you, that's all."

Much bewildered by this information, Neville hurried on to the ball-room. In the centre of the raised dais, under an ingeniously constructed trophy of tennis rackets and golf clubs, stood Miss Tansley, positively radiant with diamonds, and looking every inch an heiress. She smiled meaningly as he approached.

"It is our dance, I believe?" said Neville inquiringly. "I must apologize a thousand times for keeping you waiting, but——"

"But you couldn't possibly remember what didn't exist," interrupted Stella. "Confess that is beyond your limited powers! I am sorry to have disturbed you," she added, leading the way to a further corner of the room, "but that Bannock man was teasing me to dance, and I really couldn't stop to think about your convenience."

"I am immensely flattered," began Mr. Warrene, but he was cut short by a brisk rap on his arm from a very substantial fan.

"Now is it worth while talking nonsense to me after the hours we spent splashing each other with water-lily roots this morning?" demanded Miss Tansley. "Am I dense enough to believe that anybody can really be flattered at being preferred to that horror? Oh, I know all about it! I am quite aware how the little viper talks about us behind our backs! If ever his nasty play comes out, I'll go and hiss it."

"I won't offend again," said Neville humbly; "but may I rub my elbow? The handle of your fan was very hard."

"No? Not really?" and Stella burst into her usual good-natured laugh, although her cheeks were still flushed with indignation. "It isn't many people who have the power to annoy me badly," she continued. "For instance, my vexation took the very mildest form when you never appeared to claim the beautiful bit of stephanotis I had picked you."

"Oh, how good of you! Where is it?"

"In the baron's button-hole," rejoined Stella sweetly. "Well, you see, I couldn't quite carry it about the whole evening in my hand. And he received it delightfully, with all that foreign grace we hear so much about. Plumped down on one knee in front of me in the middle of a quadrille, astonished friends grouped all around us in a circle, the sympathetic band playing its softest. I assure you it was very touching."

"Probably. But in the mean time, I have lost my flower." And Neville cast a little rueful glance at his empty button-hole.

"We shall lose our dance, too, if we stand here talking nonsense any longer," said Stella briskly.

She danced well, though with a trifle more energy than was consistent with perfect grace. But at every glance Neville cast down on the coils of dark hair, in which innumerable diamonds glittered like fire-flies, his admiration for her piquant prettiness increased. Passing his life just on the outskirts of wealth, he had a genuine preference for everything that entailed the expenditure of money, and in the bottom of his heart could not imagine any woman wearing flowers instead of jewels, except as a matter of fashion.

"Will you do me a favor?" said Miss Tansley, stopping so suddenly that the next couple almost fell over them.

"Anything you like," rejoined Neville, guiding her skilfully out of the crowd to a quiet corner.

"Well, then, can you ask Miss Merton for a dance or two? I particularly wanted her to enjoy the ball, and she has not had a partner yet."

"I am not sure—I will see if——" he began awkwardly.

"Mind, I don't consider that I am imposing any hardship upon you," rapped out Stella, mistaking the cause of his hesitation. "Miss Merton dances beautifully. If people had any taste she would not be sitting down for a moment."

After this any further hesitation was

impossible, and with a great effort to look unconcerned, Neville crossed the room to where Miss Merton was seated alone, contemplating the gay scene with her ordinary expression of calm dignity. He was by no means devoid of nice feelings, and was acutely aware that the part he had acted, in deliberately throwing over Alice Merton to dance with the heiress, had not displayed his character in its most favorable light. Moreover, he was conscious that if the transaction came to Stella's ears, she would be justly indignant at having been rendered instrumental in slighting her friend. These considerations caused him to stumble over his apologies in a way that was very unusual for such a fluent young man; his confusion being increased by observing a faint smile flit across the girl's face, plainly indicating that she traced the connection between her social insignificance and her partner's forgetfulness. On the whole it was almost a relief when Mrs. Tansley bore down upon them, and claimed Neville as her prey.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Mr. Warrene, positively everywhere!" she exclaimed. "As I was saying to the baron just now, it's wonderful how a party gets dispersed at a ball. I have hardly spoken to any of our young people since we arrived. They always seem to be dancing at the other end of the room, or I see their backs out on the verandah, when I go to look for them. It's astonishing the difficulty there is in finding people, in spite of my having brought a larger party than any one in the room. The duchess had only one carriage load, and between ourselves, a very shabby-looking lot they were! If Mr. Tansley would only have come, we should have been five more than last year; but I didn't press it. He would have been fidgeting to get away all the evening, and really, at his age, he is best at home. But now, come along, Mr. Warrene! Give me your arm, and I'll take you round and introduce you to some nice girls—really nice girls. You may rely on me. I am sufficiently young

myself to know what young people like. Besides, I am ashamed to say that I was always what is called a man's woman myself! Very shocking, isn't it? But you know we can't help our natures, as I say, when people wonder that Stella doesn't resemble me more."

Luckily, Mrs. Tansley's conversation required no sort of answer; in fact, she never paused for a sufficient time to admit of one. But she was as good as her word, and introduced him to so many expectant young ladies, that his life would have required to be miraculously prolonged to admit of his doing his duty by them all. However, he danced away to the best of his abilities, and tried to enter with becoming ardor into what was evidently the chief local interest; namely, the recent amalgamation of the golf and tennis clubs, as typified by the blended symbols on the walls. Partner after partner explained to him how the committee had quarrelled, the subscriptions fallen off, and much else of a supremely uninteresting nature to outsiders.

Not another chance did Neville get of speaking to Stella, who was simply besieged between the dances, and in contradiction to the unanimous verdict of the company, he privately pronounced it a most disappointing ball. It was not until he was waiting at the door of the assembly rooms, in the chill light of early dawn, that his luck suddenly changed. A slight figure, muffled in a huge fur cloak appeared at his elbow: there was a whispered dialogue, a hurried evasion through the crowd of carriages, and in a few minutes he was driving the dog-cart rapidly back to Straymere, with Miss Tansley seated by his side, talking away as merrily as if she did not know the meaning of fatigue.

#### IV.

It was with some slight trepidation that Neville encountered his hostess next day, feeling that it was within the bounds of possibility she might not approve of his late escapade. However, Mrs. Tansley either had not no-



ticed Stella's disappearance on the previous night, or had her own reasons for not taking exception to it. Moreover, during the whole of the irregular meal, that might with equal propriety have been termed breakfast, or luncheon, she was absorbed in dwelling proudly on the unqualified success achieved by her party. In the first place it was larger than any one else's. That seemed to be a point upon which she dwelt with the greatest complacency.

"After this," she said, drawing herself up, "I think we shall have a right to expect that the committee will consult me on the choice of a day next year. If I take as many tickets as the duchess and Lady Henrietta put together, I may fairly expect to have a voice in the matter."

"Mamma! Some of us will ride this afternoon," interposed Stella, prudently cutting short the recital of a time-honored grievance. "I must go, of course, to pioneer the party, and Mr. Warrenne would like to come; he hasn't said so yet, but—"

"What is it? Riding? Indeed, I should like it of all things," interrupted Neville, looking up abstractedly from a letter he had been reading. Its contents seemed to cause him some annoyance judging by the expression of his face. "How exactly like Alfred!" he muttered once or twice.

Presently he rose and waylaid Mrs. Tansley as she was leaving the room. "I hardly know how to explain it to you," he began apologetically. "My cousin has just written to say that his business did not take as long as he expected, and having an idea that you wanted him particularly for your party, he has suggested coming this evening—only for one night you understand."

"Not a word more! Not a word!" exclaimed Mrs. Tansley. "Any cousin, or friend, or acquaintance of yours will be welcome. A visitor, more or less, in a house of this size makes no difference at all! Don't mention it again!"

"Well, that's really very kind of you,"

said Neville, and for the moment he felt that his hostess was certainly one of the most good-natured women in the world. Also that from the first she had displayed extraordinary discrimination in recognizing his personal importance. For a moment he had feared that Alfred's awkward proposal might somewhat discredit him. It was so like that excellent but dull fellow to be making a conscientious effort to fulfil his obligations when the moment for doing so was past. But it was now plain that Neville stood too high in Mrs. Tansley's favor for even this untoward incident to make any difference. Vague undefined projects began to flit through his mind. He was not burdened by much false modesty, and besides had frequently observed that the possession of very moderate personal charms in a penniless man is the generally received equivalent for a prepossessing heiress. Of course, it was too soon to form any settled resolution, but there could be no harm in paving the way in case at any future time he should see fit to apply for Miss Tansley's hand and fortune.

With this resolution he never left her side through the long ride, and their way lying mainly along narrow paths through the woods, they gradually became separated from the rest of the party.

It was very agreeable wandering under the cool shade, with the sunbeams falling fitfully on their heads through the interlaced branches. "But the difficulty is," thought Neville, "that at this rate I shall be hopelessly committed in twenty-four hours, and I haven't quite made up my mind how Mrs. Tansley would work as a mother-in-law."

"I say! Who are those two?" cried Stella, heartlessly interrupting her companion's last sentimental speech, as they came in sight of the house. "Surely that's Alice Merton on the lawn," she continued, shading her eyes from the dazzling rays of the setting sun; "but that man?"

"I think—yes! It is my cousin," replied Neville. "He is a good old fel-

low, but as dense as a stone wall. Nobody except him would turn up like this when the house is full, and they can only be in the way. Besides, he is deplorably shy at the best of times."

"Oh! that accounts for Miss Merton taking him under her wing then. She always has a preference for helpless people."

"I cannot say that I find her a particularly encouraging companion."

"Ah, that's because you are too prosperous to be interesting," interrupted Stella.

Neville gave a self-satisfied smile. It was just the sort of impression he delighted in making. Things were going so well that he could afford to welcome Alfred with an air of pleasant patronage when they presently met in the garden.

"I thought I had better put in an appearance for one night, as Mrs. Tansley made such a point of it," whispered the latter.

"Perhaps you are right. How do you like them all?"

"Oh, very much. That's to say I have hardly spoken to any one yet," said Alfred nervously. "There is a lady here—a Miss Merton—that I have met before."

"Ah, I dare say you would like to take her in to dinner then better than a stranger. I will manage it for you," said Neville, with the easy air of a friend of the house. "I dare say I shall see Mrs. Tansley before long, as I am going indoors to change these dusty clothes."

As it happened he met his hostess in the hall, and was able to explain his request at once.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Warrene! Certainly! I don't think I shall be disappointing many people in giving him Alice Merton. Although Stella will have it she is so charming, I can't see it myself. It would be much wiser in my opinion to leave the girl at home to give lessons or whatever it is she does. And, stop one moment, Mr. Warrene," she continued, "I hope your cousin won't mind sleeping in the box

room for one night. It's all right, you know, except that there isn't a fireplace. But there's quite a nice view from the window, and only a few boxes in the corner."

"I am afraid we are putting you to great inconvenience," began Neville.

"Oh, not at all! Don't think of it," rejoined Mrs. Tansley, in her most sprightly manner. "This is Hospitality Hall, I always say. Nothing but coming and going from one year's end to another. By-the-bye, you mustn't forget to write your name in the visitors' book. We've already had eleven more visitors than last month. But we must keep the ball rolling."

"Poor old Alfred!" muttered Neville, looking round his comfortably furnished bedroom with some amusement. "It does seem a trifle hard that I should so entirely have supplanted him, that he is now only received on sufferance as my cousin. But it's not surprising. He looked like a travelling tinker this afternoon in that battered old hat. And as for conversation or entertaining people, of course he is no more use than the door-scraper. I did think of offering to change rooms with him at first, but after all he doesn't mind being uncomfortable and I do, so it's best to say nothing about it."

The next morning, when Neville saw how contented, and even cheerful, his cousin appeared in Miss Merton's society, he lost the few scruples of conscience that he had ever had about retaining those superior material comforts. Miss Merton also brightened up wonderfully under the influence of a little individual attention from Major Hawley, who evidently saw a great deal in her to admire; and Alfred Warrene watched the two almost jealously as they conversed together with animation under the shadow of the grand piano. At the request of Stella she had electrified the party by singing "Bid me discourse" with great sweetness and considerable power; though Mrs. Tansley endeavored to deprive the performance of as much lustre as possible by mentioning confidentially to

every one in turn that her young guest had signally failed as a professional.

"Ah, she would not be up to singing in public," remarked Neville critically. He was absolutely ignorant of music, but felt a secret conviction that Miss Merton's could not be of a high order since she failed to amuse him.

"In point of fact it does not signify in the least whether she is up to singing in public or not, seeing that she has never thought of making the attempt," said Stella impatiently. "Where mamma evolves these legends I cannot imagine! The truth is that Miss Merton's father being a London clergyman with a large family, she lives quietly at home teaching her younger sisters. I believe at times she attends concerts. Also lectures. Although clever, she is good enough to be my friend, and at my special request stays here occasionally!"

"After all, Straymere is not a bad exchange for a London vicarage," rejoined Neville Warrenne, with as much of a sneer as he ever ventured on.

"We have a good cook," said Miss Tansley reflectively. "The house is well furnished, and would be comfortable for about half the number of people we usually put in it. The electric light is also a great improvement. Yet in spite of these many conveniences and advantages, I have observed that people do not often stay with us twice——"

"Why, surely Bannock——"

"Oh, I do not mean him! People one would rather not see always reappear with the greatest regularity. But, to turn to something pleasanter, if you will remind me to-morrow morning I will really get some stephanotis and wire it myself, into the neatest of buttonhole bouquets, in place of the one you lost by being late."

Most certainly Neville did not fail to remind Miss Tansley of her promise on the following day, and followed her up to the greenhouse when she went to pick the promised flowers. He knew well how to make the most of these little occasions. Nothing could have been more judiciously suggestive

of friendly interest, just ripening into a warmer feeling, than the few tasteful words with which he filled up the intervals of snipping buds and wiring stems.

"You will stay over next week? Yes, you must!" said Stella, as they returned to the house. "Some of these people will have gone, and there will be a less exhausting necessity for amusing ourselves, whether we like it or not, than there is now. Please don't invent a previous engagement."

Neville did not. He felt that the fates were too strong for him, and that before long the unappreciative government office would know him no longer.

"But what can be going on in the library!" ejaculated Stella. "Why, my father usually has undisputed possession of it all the morning, and nobody thinks of disturbing him, whilst now it seems full of people. And there is mamma making signs to us through the window to join them!"

Neville looked in the direction of the house and caught sight of Mrs. Tansley standing in one of the long French windows that opened on to the terrace, and gesticulating violently.

"Perhaps they are waiting for us to rehearse," he suggested. "You know there was some talk about getting up a play; though I haven't even seen a book of the words yet."

"And I have been in vain trying to make up my mind whether the actors or the audience are most to be pitied in private theatricals," she rejoined. "I shall probably end by choosing the former fate for my own, as after all it's more amusing to hear one's self talk than other people. But come on! They really seem to want us."

In two minutes Stella was stepping lightly into the room through the open window, followed by Neville.

"Why are you all standing solemnly round the table!" she exclaimed. "Are you playing some sort of game?" Her laughing voice died away, and there was a moment's absolute silence. She stared at the assembled group in astonishment, as well she might, seeing that it consisted of both her parents,

Alice Merton, and Alfred Warrene, under ordinary circumstances a most incongruous combination of individuals. "Have you all lost your tongues, like shy children at a party?" she continued flippantly, for the silence was beginning to make her nervous.

"Oh, my poor child! How little you know what is in store for you!" cried Mrs. Tansley, suddenly collapsing into an armchair, and hiding her face in her handkerchief. "Tell her about it! Tell her all!" she continued, waving her hand faintly in the direction of her husband.

The quiet elderly man thus addressed looked somewhat embarrassed at the prospect of being called upon to make a lengthy explanation. "It seems there has been some slight confusion existing in Mrs. Tansley's mind," he began. "Nothing of importance at all so far as I—"

He was never allowed to finish his little speech. The prostrate figure in the armchair suddenly started up, and broke out into a torrent of angry speech.

"It may be nothing to you that our only child should be deceived by the advances of an impostor—"

"Dear me! an impostor!" interrupted Stella dramatically. "It sounds dreadful, doesn't it? Not that I know exactly what it means, but I suppose somebody has stolen something."

"Worse! Far worse!" cried Mrs. Tansley. "He has obtruded himself into our intimacy and leagued with designing people who have wormed themselves into my innocent child's dearest affections—"

"If you are referring to Miss Merton you are laboring under some grave misapprehension, to say the least of it!" interrupted Alfred Warrene. He was very nervous, but spoke with a certain dignity that commanded attention.

"Can anybody explain to me what is the matter?" said Stella, appealing to the company in general.

"I imagined that I had a right to speak when my child's happiness was at stake! But it appears that this is

not the case, judging by the constant interruptions and contradictions to which I am subjected!" and Mrs. Tansley darted an angry glance at her husband who had done nothing whatever to provoke this attack. "But this I will say, and nobody shall stop me. If I ask a person to my house who seems in all ways an eligible visitor, and another person is substituted in his place without a word of explanation, and the impostor takes advantage of his position to—"

"You are not—you cannot be speaking of me!" interrupted Neville fiercely.

"Indeed I am, and with very good reason!" retorted Mrs. Tansley with equal heat. "You arrived from Warrene Court in place of your cousin, you never gave me the least hint, though you must have seen by the way you were treated—the best bedroom, and taking my daughter in to dinner, and everything!"

"Don't you think this discussion is rendering us all a little ridiculous?" interposed Stella. But nobody attended to her suggestion.

"You had the letter explaining that I was coming in my cousin's place, as he thought you wanted men for your dance," cried Neville, with a crimson face. "No? Surely, Alfred, you wrote it? You must see what an impossible position I am in through your fault!"

"Oh, yes, I wrote it right enough," said Alfred quietly. "I can remember every circumstance. After you left me at the station, I went straight into the waiting-room and wrote at once so as not to lose any time. I had some writing paper with me in a leather case, where—" He paused suddenly, and a gleam of memory seemed to shoot across his face. Diving into a capacious pocket, he produced the same bulging packet of papers that he had shown Neville at the station. In a moment more the contents were spread open upon the library table, and between the Brazilian beetle and the Argentine orchid lay the unposted letter.

"Of course, I am very sorry about this," said Alfred simply, when the

chorus of explanations had subsided. "You can all see how it happened. Until this moment I quite forgot that I slipped the letter away with the other papers instead of posting it. The bare possibility of having done so just occurred to me when I mentioned the writing-case."

"I fancy you owe some apologies, mamma," said Stella briskly.

"Well, I suppose I must say it was nobody's fault," rejoined Mrs. Tansley. "Though it's very disagreeable to be taking one person for another, and putting Mr. Warrene to sleep in the box-room, with cotton sheets and a cracked looking-glass."

"Please don't say that, it was very comfortable," murmured Alfred shyly.

"Well, Stella, I wonder you are not congratulating your friend!" continued Mrs. Tansley, with an assumption of levity that was not altogether natural. "Don't stare, child! It appears that Alice Merton and Mr. Warrene are old acquaintances, though they kept it a pretty close secret. At any rate they have done us the honor to become engaged under our roof."

"It was no secret at all," explained Alfred, whilst Stella drew her friend into the corner and began pouring out congratulations and questions. "It was like this," he continued, "we had met years ago at some lectures in London—on the history of Etruscan pottery, I think—"

"In the British Museum?" interrupted Neville. "Ah, I thought so!" It would be difficult to describe his condition of humiliated rage during the last few minutes. It was bad enough to realize that the amount of attention he had obtained was in no way due to his personal gifts, but merely a tribute to his imaginary fortune. But to find that the one girl in the house that he had ignored, as far as his naturally good manners would admit, was now to be elevated into a position in which she could either patronize or snub him was intolerable.

"I shall never set foot inside Warrene Court again!" he muttered. "Even

if I am invited," came as a grim afterthought.

The inmates of the library were dispersing. Mr. Tansley had withdrawn on the earliest opportunity, feeling that there was not the slightest chance of getting the room to himself that morning. His wife had disappeared somewhat abruptly on noticing in the looking-glass what ravages an injudicious amount of emotion had worked in her appearance. Alfred and Miss Merton were busily discussing trains, as they intended returning to her home that afternoon.

"And what are you going to do?" inquired Stella, coming across the room to Neville. "Leave us as soon as you can pack?"

He briefly signified that such actually was his intention.

"I thought so," she said sadly, "and leave me to Mr. Bannock and the baron, as before. Now, supposing for the sake of argument," she continued, "supposing that after rearranging her hair, and thinking the matter over, mamma should come and apologize fully to you. She will, you know, and what is more she will forget the whole thing in a couple of hours. And supposing that I joined with her in begging you to stay. What should you do then?"

Neville did not answer immediately. But there was something sufficiently yielding about his expression for Miss Tansley to infer that under certain circumstances he would reconsider his decision.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
TICONDEROGA.

To a generation which is said to find Scott bombastic and Dickens dull it requires perhaps some hardihood to mention the name of Fenimore Cooper. But the young gentlemen who write in praise of each other in the newspapers form after all but a very small and not a very important part of the reading public; and if we may judge from the bookstalls, the author of



"The Last of the Mohicans" still holds his own, together with many another whom these arbiters of taste would relegate to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. No doubt there are moments when it is not possible to take Cooper quite seriously; he was always writing, and always writing in a hurry. We all of us laugh at him sometimes, but yet love him all the more. Our children's grandchildren, we dare swear, will go on loving him without the laughter; for those little familiar pedantries of his will be by that time beyond the reach of criticism. They will have mellowed into the quaint mannerisms of a bygone period. The dramatic movement, the stirring scenes, the picturesque old-world figures will remain, when the power or the wish to question the accuracy of their painting will have passed away. And the historic value of his work, even if Englishmen are indifferent to it (which we do not think they are, and certainly they ought not to be), puts him on a pedestal alone so far as Americans are concerned, for he has made the most interesting and dramatic period of their history his own. Writers on both sides of the Atlantic are still taking the struggle with the French in America and the subsequent War of Independence as a background for their tales; but they are all of them too late to have such value as Cooper's books have. He was not indeed, strictly speaking, contemporary with the period he chiefly wrote of, but he knew personally the generation who were, which is very much the next best thing. And indeed the America he lived in was practically the old America, politically independent, but in habits of thought and ways of life still more than half colonial. Slavery was a matter of course, and had as yet raised no question between North and South. In the North the cities had not yet eaten up the old provincial society, and the country gentleman living on his paternal acres was still an item in the Middle States. The railroad and the telegraph had not as yet linked States together and banished much of the mystery of

the wilderness. People still travelled slowly and seldom, and politicians in Cooper's youth were mostly gentlemen who as often as not rode their own nags to Washington attended by servants and packhorses, and cherished a primitive regard for the welfare of their country. The novelist himself entered Yale as early as 1802, and after serving in the United States navy from 1805 to 1811, retired to a life of rural ease in his own province of New York. There for the rest of his life, with the exception of a few years spent in Europe, he lived among the scenes in which most of his books were laid. He must to a certainty have been in constant intercourse with the people who served through the Revolutionary War, and in his youth must have even known many who fought at Louisbourg, at Ticonderoga, or at Quebec.

Cooper's Indians are, from a realistic point of view, regarded usually as his weakest point, though from an artistic one they are probably his strongest. He was a little late, no doubt, for a personal acquaintance with the Red Man of the forests; but if he idealized him, what pleasure his ideals have given to countless readers! With his backwoodsmen the most captious critic cannot quarrel, but the backwoodsman survived long into Cooper's day; he had every opportunity of knowing him well, and made the most of it. Indeed the genus may still be studied, though no longer, to be sure, in the Mohawk Valley or by the banks of Lake George. For our own part, having been thrown much with him, we will say that some familiarity with the type of which Cooper wrote, has increased rather than diminished our affection for Natty Bumppo in all his various guises.

Most of us, no doubt, made our first acquaintance with Cooper at a tender age, when even a garden shrubbery contained something of the mysterious; and the familiar backgrounds against which the fancy of childhood pictured the Indian and the hunter, still thrust themselves behind the pages of "The Deerslayer" or "The Path-



finder" as we read them now. For ourselves indeed we were fortunate at this remote period in having Savenake forest at our very door; and its glades, avenues, and thickets became so saturated in fancy with red-skins and scouts, that a something more than ordinary acquaintance with North American lakes and forests is still powerless to shift the whole scenery when Cooper's heroes come upon the stage. At the period of which we write the British schoolboy was still, we fancy, thoroughly staunch in the notion that British soldiers were invincible except when greatly outnumbered, and that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen or even more. Yet there is a certain nook in that Wiltshire Arcady, to which we think we could still find our way, that for years was associated in our mind with an almost incredible disaster to British arms, with some monstrous dream of a great army full of pride and confidence, ignominiously routed and shattered by a lamentably inferior force of Frenchmen. It was but a shadowy recollection for which one of Cooper's novels seemed to be responsible, and it was not till a much later period of life that an acquaintance with the tragedy of Ticonderoga explained the dim impression. For it is in one of his later and less known books that Cooper has treated of that bloody scene. A hundred people will be familiar with "The Last of the Mohicans" who possibly never even heard of "Satanstoe," a work that is valuable rather for the excellent picture it gives of colonial society, than for the power of narrative which distinguishes so many of the others.

Who indeed remembers Ticonderoga except Americans and possibly a few Frenchmen? Parkman's glowing pages may here and there among Englishmen have shed some light upon these forgotten fights, though Warburton's statelier and more measured but still stirring eloquence is, we fear, as much out of mind as it is out of print. Yet Ticonderoga was probably the worst, and certainly the most ignominious

defeat that England ever received from the hands of France; nor can it have slipped our memory because it was inexpensive, for we lost two thousand men in a single quarter of a summer's day. As many fell, indeed, upon that July afternoon as in the weeks and months of successful combat that have kept the memory of Louisbourg green and made the plains of Abraham famous throughout the world. And all this slaughter, for, judged by the scale of those wars it was immense, was inflicted by little more than three thousand Frenchmen; and sadder still to relate, some fourteen thousand Britons retreated from the stricken field at sunset, and retreated too in such fashion that panic is the only word to fitly express the nature of their discomfiture. With all this it might well be said that such a battle had better be forgotten. But there is another side to it, for with seeming paradox, it may be urged that British soldiers have not often fought with more dogged valor, and that nearly every man of the two thousand who fell, fell facing the foe. Our poor soldiers had some strange leaders in the eighteenth century, and none stranger than the unfortunate gentleman who gave Montcalm such a victory on the shores of Lake George, that even Frenchmen, who are not overmuch given to such concessions, were inclined in this instance to give God the greater glory. The very spirits of the dead who have now slept so long beside the shores of the romantic lake, would rise from their graves, one would almost think, at the name of Abercromby. Braddock has been held up to sufficient execration, but Braddock's military errors were almost venial in comparison, and, moreover, he died fighting among his men like the stubborn bull-dog that he was. The bones of his victims on the Monongahela had been picked clean by buzzards and crunched by hungry wolves before Abercromby appeared upon the scene to give another exhibition of what a British general of the Georgian age could do. And unhappily for him,

he did not, like Braddock, die fighting, for he did not give himself the chance.

It was the summer, the momentous summer, of 1758 to which we would refer. America had grown very weary of Lord Loudon in chief command. He had not, it is true, sworn at the colonists like Braddock, but his sins had been so flagrantly those of omission that his troops, who were numerous, had lost heart, and the colonial wits compared him to the figure of St. George on a tavern sign, always galloping forward but never moving. Pitt's first act had been to recall him peremptorily and with scant courtesy. The rifle, the scalping-knife, and the torch had been busy upon the French and Indian side, from the Hampshire grants in the far North to the Ulster settlements in the valley of Virginia. Isolated forts, lonely block-houses, and palisaded hamlets by the score had been swept away amid hideous scenes of flame and slaughter. The frontier had been driven back along the whole British line. The fringe of civilization had again become a wilderness, where at long intervals the buzzard and the crow kept grim watch from their tree-tops over the mutilated and festering corpses of a butchered peasantry. Nearly two million Anglo-Saxons were at this time actually on the defensive against less than a hundred thousand Frenchmen and the Indian allies that their successes had won for them.

Regiments of British soldiers and colonial militia had been marching up and down for a year or two and effected nothing. But Pitt was now in office, and a great effort was to be made to crush once and for all the formidable power of France in the Western world. Massachusetts alone had ten thousand men in the service of the king by land and sea, and had incurred the immense debt, for the period and for her capacities, of half a million sterling. Connecticut was scarcely behind her, while the province of New Hampshire had one in three of her male population in the field. Wolfe and Amherst were already thundering at the gates of Louisbourg:

Grant was marching with a large force through Virginian forests to exact a tardy vengeance for Braddock at Du Quesne; and the greatest army that had yet been seen on American soil was mustering where the old Dutch frontier town of Albany looked down upon the Hudson. Some fifteen thousand men, nearly seven thousand of whom were regulars, with a formidable train of artillery were there upon the frontiers of the northern wilderness through which ran the great route to Canada. There were the red-coated infantry of the Line, veterans many of them from European fields, and kilted Highlanders with their wild music, led by their hereditary chieftains, and full of pride; for there was not a private among them, says Mrs. Grant, the wife of one of their officers, "who did not think himself above the rank of a common man." And there too were fast mustering the colonial militia, resplendent in new uniforms of blue faced with scarlet, and admirably armed. Every heart, not only in the camp itself, but throughout the northern colonies, beat high with confidence and regarded the French as in effect already crushed. Abercromby was in command, and nothing was known either for or against him; but Pitt had made things, as he thought, safe, by naming as his brigadier the brave and gifted Lord Howe, a young nobleman, called by Wolfe, who knew him, the best soldier in the British army. There is a tradition in America that the airs of superiority assumed towards the colonists by the British officers of these wars helped considerably to sow the seeds of revolution, and this, though perhaps there was intolerance on both sides, is readily conceivable. Lord Howe with all his rank, his military renown, and his personal accomplishments, was neither haughty nor supercilious, but made himself in a short time as much beloved by every class in the colonies as he was by his own soldiers. In social intercourse he won the hearts of the Americans by his modesty and good breeding; and he

won their respect also by recognizing that though virtually commander-in-chief, he had much to learn in forest warfare, and by setting himself at once to learn it. He not only accompanied on some of their preliminary expeditions one or other of the famous bodies of rangers who had made their names more terrible to Frenchmen than whole regiments of grenadiers; but he took measures to make his own light infantry more serviceable in the woods by stripping them of every useless ornament and impediment, even to cutting off their long hair and the skirts of their coats. He shared, too, every hardship with his men, washed his own linen at the brook, and ate his salt pork with a clasp knife. Albany was of course at such a time in a whirl of excitement, gaiety, and hospitality. Madame Schuyler, a provincial fine lady, had a mansion in the neighborhood, and there is a pretty story that Lord Howe, who was her guest for a time, so won the heart of the old lady that she embraced him with tears when he rode off, as it so happened, to his death; and when a week or two later a horseman came galloping at full speed down the road, crying aloud as he passed that my lord was dead, this excellent lady, it is said, fell into a swoon, and the whole house resounded with wailing and lamentation.

By the end of June the army had moved on to the head of Lake George, and were encamped close to the blackened ruins of Fort William Henry. This post, after being forced by Montcalm to capitulate in the previous year, had been made the scene of that bloody massacre of the British by the Indians, which forms one of the most stirring chapters in "The Last of the Mohicans." The tables now seemed as if they were going to be turned with a vengeance. The shouts of victory were even then rising from the British battalions before Louisbourg, though Abercromby's army could know nothing of this as yet, for news travelled through the woods in those days with painful slowness. Of this campaign on the lakes,

however, no man doubted the issue. The natural waterway through mountains and forests to Canada seemed practically open to such a force. Montcalm was the only obstacle of any kind, and he lay at the juncture of lakes George and Champlain forty miles away, with but a paltry three thousand men of all arms. An immense fleet of boats and batteaux had been collected, and upon a sunny morning, the 5th of July, with leisured confidence and in all the pomp and circumstance of war, Abercromby's host floated out upon the beautiful lake whose clear and shining surface is happily commemorated in the Indian name of Horican, or the Silvery Waters. The pages of historian and novelist alike glow when they recall the splendor of this notable scene. The faded type of old New England journals, the yellow tattered letters written at the time, all testify to the glories of such a pageant as it was certainly in those days not often given to mortals to feast their eyes upon. Upwards of twelve hundred boats, loaded with troops and munitions of war, stretched like a vast armada along the bosom of the lake. The summer morning was brilliant and cloudless. The sun had just risen over the mountain-tops, and chased away the mists that daybreak had found hanging along the swampy shores. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a ripple ruffling the silvery waters, nor over that immense sea of woodland which rose, wave upon wave, from the island-studded shores came breeze enough to move a blossom or a leaf. With regular precision, its wings stretched to right and left, and, as the narrow lake grew narrower, reaching almost from shore to shore, the splendid pageant swept northwards. In the centre were the British regiments all gay in scarlet and white and gold; upon the right and left and in the rear went the colonial troops in soberer guise; from the whole line came the glint and flash of burnished arms, and above the boats at intervals hung the standards of famous regiments, while the brave

show of a thousand tartans filled in the picture. Ten thousand oars with eager stroke caught the sunlight, and the bands of various regiments with their martial music, woke the echoes of the silent leafy mountains which, as the lake narrowed, hung above them upon either side.

The Fifty-Fifth, the Twenty-Seventh, and the Forty-Fourth regiments of the Line were there, and one battalion of the Royal Americans, then lately formed, but destined to win fame in all quarters of the globe as the Sixtieth Rifles. The Forty-Sixth and the Eightieth were there also, and, conspicuous in their then strange and wild attire, the Forty-Second Highlanders, or the Black-Watch. Twenty regiments from New England, New York, and the Jerseys were eager to show their over-sea compatriots that they were not wholly novices in the art of war. The gallant Bradstreet, prince of batteaux leaders, who in the following year was to win immortality by the grand dash which cut expiring Canada in two at Frontenac, was also there and entirely in his element. There too was Rogers, most redoubtable of woodland fighters, and his heroic band in mocassins and hunting-shirts. It might well indeed have seemed an invincible array as things were then. Phillip Schuyler and Israel Putnam led companies of provincials, and many another man marched proudly beneath the flag of England that day who twenty years later was to turn his sword against his mother-country and his king. Pressing onward through the summer night the flotilla had reached by daybreak the foot of the lake, whence issues the five or six miles of river which, impeded here and there by rapids, connects it with Lake Champlain. At the spot where this channel widens into the latter lake and forms an outstanding promontory rose the famous fortress of Ticonderoga. Here Montcalm, thanks to the jealousy or supineness of his government, stood at bay with considerably less than four thousand men. Behind him lay the three hundred miles

of wilderness which shut him out from Canada and from succor. He had only a week's provisions, and retreat was impossible. There was nothing for it but to fight, and even to his brave heart it seemed as if such an unequal struggle could have but one issue. If Montcalm did not quite despair it was because experience told him that one hope was yet left to him in British generalship. The connecting river in its course from the upper to the lower lake forms a right angle, flowing at first due north and then turning sharp to the eastward. Abercromby had landed his army on the western shore of the waters and determined to march round to Ticonderoga upon that bank instead of crossing the river as was possible, and cutting off the angle it formed. At daybreak on the 6th the army entered the dense woodlands which clothed the rich strip between the hills and the river. The men marched in four columns, or rather forced their way as best they could through the tangled swamps. Lord Howe with his light infantry, and Rogers with his rangers, led the way. Montcalm's light troops had been pushed forward for purposes of observation; and a corps of these, some four hundred strong, hurrying back to Ticonderoga, missed their way in the dense forest, and by a pure accident came in contact with the head of Lord Howe's column. A fierce conflict, hand to hand and from tree to tree, ensued. Nearly all the French were killed or taken prisoners; but the success was dearly purchased by the loss of the gallant Howe, who fell dead at the first discharge with a bullet in his heart. Abercromby seemed stunned by the fall of his lieutenant: it was as though the army no longer had a leader; and the troops lay all night in the damp woods to no purpose, to be with as little reason marched back again in the morning to the landing-place. Abercromby now proposed to cross the river to the east bank and take a road through the woods which cut off the angle already alluded to. The bridge had been destroyed by the

French; but the energetic Bradstreet constructed another in a few hours, and by the evening Abercromby, leaving his artillery behind him, advanced his whole force to a point upon the river about two miles from Ticonderoga, where another bridge and a saw-mill had just been burned and abandoned by the French. He had been told that Montcalm had six thousand men and was expecting further reinforcements, and it was this report, which he took no pains to verify, that accounted for his haste and the fatuous abandonment of the artillery so laboriously brought up from Albany.

In the mean time Montcalm had not been idle. Levis and Bourlamaque were both with him, and a friendly difference of opinion between these three able soldiers as to the best fashion of facing such fearful odds had somewhat delayed their action. The fort itself was rejected as a defensive position, since it was open to artillery from various commanding elevations. At the last moment, on the morning of the 7th, it was decided to throw a breastwork across the peninsula several hundred yards in front of the fort which stood near the point. The centre of this peninsula was high, undulating ground, while the strip upon each side bordering on the water was a densely wooded swamp. The high ground facing landward, therefore, was the only point easily assailable by actual assault. There was a ridge, which with somewhat tortuous course stretched from swamp to swamp, and upon this Montcalm and his men, barely twenty-four hours before the English grenadiers came in sight, began to erect their breastworks. The famous battalions of La Sarre and Languedoc, with Rousillon of La Renie, Bearn, and Guienne were there, and with them were both colonial regulars, militia, and volunteers. Every man of them threw himself with untiring energy into the work; while even the officers, stripped to their shirts and axe in hand, toiled all day long in the blazing sun.

Abercromby sent his engineers for-

ward at dawn upon the 8th, and from the neighboring heights of Mount Defiance they saw a breastwork of logs seven or eight feet high, packed tight with earth and sandbags, spanning the whole breadth of the peninsula. In front of the breastwork the ground trended gently downward, and the whole slope was covered with a bristling palisade of branches facing outwards, their points sharpened. Beyond these formidable defences the forest for about two hundred yards was laid flat as if by a hurricane, and the whole open space was a chaos of felled trees with their tops facing towards the foe. All this, if Montcalm had been opposed by a capable general, was work thrown away. There was more than one eminence from which the inside of his breastworks could have been raked by artillery; while a few miles higher up on Lake Champlain there was a point at which a moiety of Abercromby's army could have completely cut off the retreat of the French, and left them to be pounded at will by artillery or starved out at leisure. But Abercromby decided it was not worth while to bring up his guns, and having left Montcalm due time to make his position impregnable, proceeded to assault it in the open with the bayonet. The officers attached to the expedition seem to have been of the average class of that time, whose mission it was to get themselves killed with unquestioning cheerfulness. There do, indeed, appear to have been on this occasion some dissentient voices, but they were raised without effect. The colonists, many of whom knew the district well, no doubt wondered at the tactics of the British general; but every one's blood was up, and the massacres at Fort William Henry had left a burning desire for revenge. Nor had the soldiers as yet seen with their own eyes the nature of the task before them; Lord Howe was dead, and the brain of the army seems to have been paralyzed.

It was high noon, and a blazing sun poured its rays vertically down on the front ranks of the British army as they



moved out of the forest into that maze of tangled branches through which they were to fight their way. The colonial rangers and light infantry, who had been pushed forward to drive in Montcalm's outposts, fell back on either flank as the long red lines of grenadiers with bayonets fixed, supported by the Highlanders nearly a thousand strong, stepped out into the sunshine. From a neighboring hilltop four hundred friendly Indians, whom Sir William Johnson (that queer backwoods baronet) had brought to share the approaching triumph, looked cynically down and shook their heads. It might be magnificent, but it was not war according to their notions, and they utterly refused to throw their lives away in any such midsummer madness.

It is a lamentable tale that remains to be told, and one of tragic monotony. Between the French breastworks and the leafy screen of the forest the distance to be travelled was perhaps two hundred yards. Forcing their way through a tangled chaos such as even Leatherstocking himself would have found no easy task, the front lines of the British infantry went on with orders to carry by steel alone those bristling barriers behind which three thousand levelled rifles lay secure. The works were eight feet high, and not a Frenchman was visible; but long before the grenadiers had reached the palisade of sharpened boughs that protected the main barrier of logs, a sheet of smoke and flame burst from the whole face of the latter, and a hail of bullets, mixed at various points with grape, swept through the advancing ranks. The hopelessness of the situation must have been apparent to any eye; but Abercromby was two miles off at the sawmill, and all that was left for his soldiers was to dare and to die. This indeed they did with splendid and piteous gallantry. The order to withhold their fire was soon treated by the troops with the contempt that in such circumstances it deserved; but this availed them little. Here and there the heads of the enemy,

as they mounted the platforms to fire, showed above the rampart, and here and there an English bullet found its way between the logs. A battery of artillery would have knocked the rude defences into splinters in an hour, but to rifle or bayonet they were impregnable, and the artillery, as we know, had been left upon the lake shore. Regiment after regiment came bravely on, but each line was met, as it vainly strove to tear its way through the ragged branches, by such a hail of bullets and grape-shot as no troops could face and live.

As each shattered column fell sullenly back, leaving a fearful tribute of dead and wounded, fresh ones came rolling on like the waves of a sea, to break one after the other at the foot of that impenetrable barrier. Grenadiers, Highlanders, riflemen, vied with one another in the desperate valor with which they flung themselves on a position that the coolness and discipline of the veteran regiments behind it made more hopelessly impregnable. Thus for an hour or more went on the useless slaughter; and then a brief lull, born of sheer exhaustion, allowed the smoke to lift and gave Abercromby a chance of changing his tactics. The swamps on either wing of Montcalm's position were not fortified. Their natural obstacles were indeed considerable, and they were occupied in force by Canadian riflemen; but they offered quite a feasible opening for attack compared to that deadly breastwork on which Abercromby was so madly hurling his best troops. There was nothing to prevent him taking a week to consider his plans, for Montcalm was of course powerless as an assailant; but even now he did not think of his artillery, nor would he pause for a moment in his fatuous course. Fresh troops were ordered forward, and with them returned again and again to the charge the survivors of the first attack. Every time, however, they were met by the same steady and pitiless fire. Some indeed fought their way to the foot of the breastwork, when, finding it impossible to advance and



refusing to retire, they were shot down at close quarters in the trenches. There is no space here to touch on the tales of individual daring that have survived from this bloody day. "The scene was frightful," says Parkman; "masses of infuriated men who could not go forward and would not go back, straining for an enemy they could not reach and firing at an enemy they could not see." "It was in vain at last," says Warburton, "as it was at first; and upon that rude barrier, which the simplest manœuvres would have avoided, or one hour of well plied artillery swept away, the flower of British chivalry was crushed and broken." Yet four hours of this insensate work had not daunted the spirit of these gallant men. At five o'clock the most determined onslaught of the whole day was made upon the French right. Then, and then only, was Montcalm for a brief moment in danger, and was forced to hurry in person with his reserves to where the Highlanders, by sheer contempt of death, were making their way up and over the parapet.

One more attack was made at six, but it was an expiring effort. Human endurance could do no more. What from heat, fatigue, and long hours of bloody repulse, the nerves of the troops were in that state which invites reaction. It matters little what started it; two companies firing accidentally on one another, some say. At any rate, when the retreat was sounded, the very men who had braved death for five hours with such splendid heroism were seized, now danger no longer menaced them, with sudden panic. Some of the colonial troops remained upon the field, and from the shelter of the woods covered the parties that were still engaged in bringing off the wounded. The rest of the army, though no enemy was following or could follow, hastened in wild disorder along the forest tracks or through the swamps to the landing-place. Here Bradstreet and his corps, ever foremost in emergencies, averted a catastrophe, and resisted every attempt to seize the boats, which, with a panic-stricken army,

would have been so fatal. The fugitives were still four times as numerous as the exhausted foe whom they imagined to be at their heels; and the stampede is the more remarkable from the sterling quality of the troops who took part in it, and the fact of such an intrepid spirit as they had shown being capable of a relapse so abject.

It only remained now to count the cost. Nearly two thousand men upon the British side had fallen, an immense loss when the scale of the battle is considered; and sixteen hundred and fifty of these were regulars. The French lost but a little over three hundred; and though they had fought all day behind cover and in comparative security, none the less did that brave handful of men deserve the chorus that rang to their praise throughout Canada and France.

Montcalm does ample justice to the long sustained valor of his foe; and the Chevallier Johnstone who was with him, bears still more impartial witness to the contempt of death shown by these gallant victims of stupidity. Abercromby seems almost to have shared the panic of his men. Not contented with hurrying them back to the head of Lake George and to the spot whence they had set out a few days before in such pomp and splendor, he was not easy in his mind about his precious and unused artillery till he had actually deposited it safely within the walls of Albany. Hither soon after came Amherst, hastening from Louisbourg with his freshly gathered laurels and three thousand men; but it was by that time too late in the season, and the end of all things American for the French was not to come yet. Poor Abercromby here fades out of history. Tradition says that he and Wolfe returned to England in the same ship, a strangely assorted pair! Fortunately when the name of Abercromby recurs to Englishmen, they think of Egypt and not of America, of a glorious victory and not of a lamentable defeat.

Another generation was yet to wake the echoes of these sublime solitudes

with a strife as bitter and in a cause not less momentous. But all this seems now equally remote. The very majesty of the scenes themselves invite us even now to people them in fancy with the motley and picturesque battalions that for half a century more or less made them their battlefield. The English traveller may even fancy that the strains which he now hears floating over the tops of the hemlocks and maples are the band of the old Royal Rousillon, till he awakes to the fact that it is music from the ball-room of a hotel; or he may imagine the craft that fleck the blue surface of the lake to be propelled by the sinewy arms of leather-frocked rangers or painted Iroquois, till some panting steamer with its huge paddle-wheel destroys the illusion and reminds him that they probably contain shopmen from Albany and school-mistresses from Boston. But the old grey walls of Fort Ticonderoga still moulder amid the throb of modern life, and beneath the feet of hurrying tourists or under the wheels even of screaming engines, or sometimes even yet, no doubt, amid the murmur of the old pines and hemlocks, still sleep the dead who fell here by thousands when the fate of America was yet hanging in the balance. How far they came and what a mixture of men were they whose bones now mingle with the dust of these historic shores: fresh-faced lads from Devon homesteads; sinewy Gaels from the yet savage Highlands; swarthy Frenchmen from the slopes of the Pyrenees; wild Canadians from the banks of the St. Lawrence; or fair-haired Germans fighting for all sides in turn. Here, too, lies the quaint colonial soldier of the three-cornered hat and coarse blue uniform, far enough from the Jersey village or Massachusetts churchyard, where still sleep his forbears, and his children, and his children's children. And there too, last but by no means least, reposes the dust of the most striking figure perhaps of all this motley bygone throng, the fearless ranger of the wilderness, whom Cooper has made live forever in the person of Leather-

stocking. With his fringed hunting-shirt, his mocassins, and long unerring rifle, but above all with his amazing nerve and iron frame, his valorous self-confidence and inexhaustible resource, he must ever, above all his contemporaries, hold our fancy.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WOLF-BATTUE IN PODOLIA.

Taran-tara! taran-tara! "Hang that bugle!" I exclaimed, after vainly trying for the last hour to sleep. "There is nothing for it but to get up."

This was at seven in the morning; and as I had only been able to leave our hospitable entertainer four hours previously, and, moreover, knew the start was fixed for ten, my maledictions on the bugle were, I think, excusable. Put a Polish huntsman in possession of a bugle, he treats it as a child does a new toy, trying its notes in season and out of season; and there he had been parading for an hour under our windows, blowing the confounded thing.

Such an uninviting morning—dark, dreary, and cold, the sky leaden, the ground covered with snow, relieved only by a line of sombre black pines on the near horizon, a few flakes of fine snow, too, falling, which augured ill for the weather later on. Altogether not a nice day on which to stand motionless behind a tree, waiting, perhaps in vain, for a wolf or other game to come within gunshot. It was, however, hopeless to woo sleep any more with that bugle sounding below, so I was soon doing justice to a substantial breakfast.

The place was a large Polish country-house in Podolia, South Russia. The occasion, a wolf-battue on a large scale. Other guests soon began to drop in to breakfast. When all had finished, our respective posts were chosen by lot, the trees having been numbered some days before, to avoid disturbing the game too near the day of the battue.

The start was then effected at the appointed hour. Our party of forty-

eight were all Poles, with the exception of myself, a French tutor in our host's family, and the inevitable Russian chief officer of police of the district, without whose presence the gathering and battue would have been illegal. Polish gentlemen in Podolia have, since the last rising in 1863, been hemmed in by so many restrictive laws, and subjected to so many disabilities, that it would be almost impossible for them to live on their estates were the police to insist on the strict execution of the laws; nor would the officials themselves have a happy time of it. They are isolated among a Polish population, far from any Russians except the police under them, and are very ill paid, so they too would fare badly unless a *modus vivendi* were established with the Polish gentry. To the credit of both sides, it is, I believe, a fact that no money bribe ever passes directly between them; but the Poles have many ways of rendering life more pleasant to the solitary official. Presents of game, fruit, and wine, and loans of skilled labor, which in many large districts is only found among the employes on the estates, are considered legitimate offerings of good-will. It is also a recognized thing at Polish houses that these officials are, if possible, to be allowed to win at cards. They cannot but enjoy, too, the various charming gatherings to which they are invited; for such is the innate courtesy of a Polish gentleman, that I never saw the slightest indication that these representatives of a hated government were not honored guests. While, therefore, zealously on the watch for any dangerous symptoms of disaffection, the police sensibly ignore slight infractions of the repressive laws, such as the possession of guns which they know are for *bona-fide* sporting purposes. This officer, for instance, showed me his official report on this battue, in which, after mentioning by name those few present who had government permission to own guns, he added, "As the destruction of wolves is a praiseworthy object, and one much desired by the Imperial government, I lent guns

to the others." Truly he must have had a good arsenal!

The sight at the start was picturesque, and to an Englishman most peculiar. Far down the avenue, and on the broad sweep in front of the house, were drawn up carriages of every description. These included the large open brake, holding twenty people, and drawn by eight horses, which were harnessed in the following manner: Four wheelers abreast, then two before them—these six driven in hand—then two leaders, the near one ridden by a postilion. There were similar brakes with four or six horses; the ordinary *troika* with three horses abreast; the same with a pair of horses; our hostess's London-built victoria with a pair of thoroughbreds; and the bachelor's cabriolet with one powerful horse. There were also a few cavaliers, each with an attendant holding a couple of hounds of a cross breed between a greyhound and wolf-hound. Finally, there was my musical enemy the huntsman, with his whips and attendants, and a pack of fifty-two fox-hounds to help the beaters in driving the wood. He, with his bugle, hounds, and attendants, preceded us, and after a drive of ten miles over an undulating plain, and through a wood a mile long, we arrived at the forest where the sport was to begin.

Here again the sight was extraordinary to one whose experience of cover-shooting had been mainly in England. Outside the wood was drawn up a small army in three divisions, who, on our approach, shouldered as one man what at first sight looked like guns, but which turned out to be thick sticks. On my inquiring who they were, our host answered that they were our beaters. "Our beaters!" said I; "why, I thought the men with the huntsman were the beaters." "Oh," laughed he, "those are only the officers of what you call the army." I bowed low with some awe, saying, "Mais, Monseigneur, c'est une chasse royale." The *personnel* consisted of one grand veneur, or chief huntsman, twenty-nine whips, of whom four were mounted, seven hundred and

two beaters, and four hundred and eighty *rabatteurs* or stops, answering to the few men or boys we in England send to the end of a cover to hit the trees and keep the game from breaking cover—in all twelve hundred and twelve men. Each man was given a glass of whiskey and a piece of black bread, which they ate squatting on the ground. For the few who did not drink whiskey there was a large caldron of hot tea. These men were all peasantry on the estate, and they gladly give their services on such an occasion, wolves and foxes being most destructive to their flocks and poultry.

When they had finished their frugal meal they went forward to the end of the wood, and we took up our appointed places in it. This was about two miles long by one and a half broad, narrowing at the two ends to half a mile. The northern end, and each side for three-quarters of a mile, were enclosed in strong netting, and the shooters were posted at intervals across the wood, between the points where the netting began on each side. The beaters entered at the south end, the stops lining the outside to prevent game escaping. As soon as the beaters had entered, the bugle, for once a welcome sound, was heard. This was the signal for fur coats and gloves to be discarded, and for cigarettes to be thrown away.

Soon the fun began, and a continuous fusillade ensued. Hares were the first to appear, but they were let alone for the present. Then came foxes, for not shooting which I was subsequently, perhaps deservedly, chaffed by my companions—foxes being there really, what in England they are theoretically, vermin. One beauty stared me in the face for half a minute. I could no more have shot it than I could have shot a squirrel. I was less squeamish later, knowing they really wanted them to be destroyed.

Presently I saw, coming straight to me, what I knew from the shaking of the bushes must be a strong animal. I carefully followed the movement, prepared to shoot when he should come

into the open, but to my disgust it turned out to be one of the hounds. This occurred several times during the day; and in my opinion, the hounds are useless, in fact a nuisance. They were not kept in hand at all, but followed their own will completely. Some would rush straight through the wood, then go back, driving the game the wrong way. Others would go full chase after a hare or deer. To have given utterance to this opinion, however, would have deeply wounded our host, as no Polish gentleman considers his establishment complete without a pack of hounds.

After the hares and foxes came deer, which afforded excellent sport. Just as I was thinking the forest held no wolves, an enormous one came "loup-ing" along in an open space straight to my neighbor, stationed fifty yards to my left. When well within shot he fired both barrels. "Well, that fellow is a duffer," thought I, as the brute, unharmed, merely changed his course, and came along parallel with me at thirty yards' distance. When he was abreast of me I fired, but, alas! for my conceit, he did not even swerve a foot, but continued on, yet I am sure nearly every pellet of both barrels struck him. He was finally killed, but not till he had received the charge of a dozen guns. The amount of shot which wolves will carry away is wonderful. A tough old wolf will sometimes receive the fire of the whole line of sportsmen and escape, yet a single lucky shot may bring one down at sixty yards. I should explain that wolves in these drives prefer to trust to the chance of bad shots and their own thick skins, rather than to the hounds and beaters' sticks; for when fired at they do not double back, but invariably make for the sides of the wood, thus receiving the fire of the line. When the beaters came up to us we had another long, cold wait, while they went round and entered the wood at the netted end. This drive produced no result in wolves.

Our host had remained outside the wood on horseback, so as to course and bring down with his unerring revolver any wolves that might break cover. One

of the favorite sports of a Polish country gentleman is to capture a wolf alive; and as their mode of doing it is probably new to many Englishmen, I will briefly describe it. A wolf being driven into the open the well-mounted horseman pursues it, armed only with a long whip and some rope. The wolf after a time tries to take rest, but the rider forces it on with his whip, till, after repeated attempts at rest, it sinks exhausted. The rider then springs from his horse, jumps astride the wolf, and holding it by the ears, secures it with the rope. Most men require the assistance of a mounted companion, who ties the wolf while the other holds its ears with both hands, and in this way the capture is comparatively easy; but to do it single-handed is a difficult feat. Nasty bites and even dangerous wounds result, should the hunter have miscalculated the strength of the animal. No one, however, is considered a perfect sportsman till he has done this, yet many never succeed. Of the large party assembled, only our host, two of his stalwart brothers, and one other man, had obtained this blue ribbon of Polish sport.

The wolf-drive over, we had lunch round a roaring fire, and glad I was to get within its revivifying influence. I had for some time been gradually freezing, and felt that were I to remain motionless much longer I should become as stiff as my tree.

Our game was then spread before us. It consisted of eight wolves, besides many deer and foxes. The small number of wolves killed will appear a rather poor result of the labors of such a mighty host, and indeed it was much below the average, fifty having sometimes been killed in that wood in a drive; but for some reason, which I forget, our host had warned us that possibly the forest might not hold a single wolf. As, however, it is computed that each wolf in its passage through a district kills six calves and thirty sheep, and that foxes cause equal devastation in the farmyards, it will be seen that our battue effected some good. I don't think one wolf escaped. Indeed

the object of the battue was to destroy the whole pack.

Lunch over, we had a hare-drive, at which I felt more at home, and retrieved my sporting reputation, somewhat damaged by my failure to kill a wolf. I must admit, however, that I had a better chance than the others, being the only one provided with suitable cartridges. We also tried a swamp for wild boar, but without success, and darkness then coming on we started homewards.

The country, which had looked very unlovely by day, assumed a new and most lovely form as we drove through the wood half-way. There had been some heavy rain the previous day, followed by slight snow, fog, and frost. The upper parts of the boughs were thus pure white, the snow standing out from the small branches and twigs in feathery wreaths and stars, while the under surfaces were encrusted and sparkling with icy crystals, and every fir-needle had its pendent diamond-drop. As the bright light from our torches flashed on the frosted snow and ice, the effect was fairy-like and lovely in the extreme. The forest above appeared a maze of white network, embroidered with myriads of diamonds, rubies, opals, and topazes.

When we left this vision of beauty the drive was indeed dreary, rendered the more so by our falling in with a snow blizzard, which caused us to lose the track. We knew that happily we were near the house, so we prudently remained still, and soon heard the big bell which is always rung during these storms. This guided us safely to the house, and glad we were of its shelter and warmth. An idea of the size and style of the house and stables may be gathered from the fact that the house party numbered seventy-four, that two hundred horses were stabled, and that at the ball, which followed, five drawing-rooms *en suite* were thrown open.

I have never met anywhere greater hospitality and more genuine kindness and *bonne camaraderie* than among the Poles, and my visits to them will ever remain a most pleasant memory to me.



I was perforce detained here by a snow blizzard, during which no sane man would start on a journey. These Russian snow blizzards are terrible manifestations of Nature's wrath, and annually cause much loss of life throughout Russia. I do not know if the Canadian blizzards assume the same form. In Russia the essential feature of a real blizzard is its cyclonic nature, so that the wind is no guide to you, blowing as it does from all points of the compass, and whirling the snow round and round. The clouds of snow are so thick that you cannot see a yard before you; and it is not so much the descending snow which overpowers you (indeed, I believe a blizzard can occur without snow falling at the time), as the snow driven along and upward from the ground. This is as fine as dust, and penetrates everywhere, through your clothing, into your ears, nostrils, and eyes, almost blinding you, and, driven by the fierce icy blast, stings like so many needles. The best chance of escape, and that a poor one at times, is to trust to the instinct of your horses; but even they cannot, in a severe blizzard, face the storm of cutting snow, and continually turn round, thus getting bewildered. Those who may have ridden on dark nights along dangerous places where a single false step would be fatal, know how they can trust to the marvellous instinct, or it may be eyesight, of the horse; but in a severe blizzard his instinct seems benumbed, and he is little less helpless than a man. Sometimes these storms last for many hours, even for days, then woe betide the traveller caught in one!

Many may remember an awful story told during the Crimean war of a whole Russian regiment being thus lost. General Todleben told me this was an exaggeration, but that the truth was sufficiently appalling. The real fact was that a battalion of three hundred men were caught in such a storm while marching from Odessa to Nicolaieff, and all perished except four, who jumped on a sleigh galloping through their midst; and this happened although succor was sent on the arrival

of the sleigh at Odessa, distant only ten miles. In this case the storm had begun with rain, and the men's clothes were frozen on them, so they succumbed sooner than they would otherwise have done, the storm not being an exceptionally severe one.

An English engineer told me that, when making a railway in the country, he was overtaken by a blizzard when not more than three hundred yards from his house. Although he was a man of magnificent physique and great endurance, and knew every foot of the district, yet he was two hours in getting to his house. He only reached it at all through providentially falling into a ditch he had himself cut, and which led straight to his door, but he was never again the same man physically.

Peasants living in lonely places have frequently been overpowered and found dead within a few yards of their houses. Of late years the church bells of the scattered villages in South Russia have been rung during these storms, and have saved many lives.

I myself was only in one of these severe blizzards, and your readers will perhaps bear with me if I relate my personal experience of it. This was on the occasion of another battue in South Russia. When our party of six Englishmen left the train at the station whence we were to drive to our friend's house, there were symptoms of snow, but it was too early in the season for a blizzard to be thought possible. As the distance to drive was only five miles over a good level road, we started without any hesitation, and did not even take the precaution to get a meal at the station, thinking we should do the drive in half an hour. When we left the station at 4.30 the first snow of the season began to fall, but it did not cause us the slightest uneasiness, as it appeared to be merely an ordinary snowstorm, and we galloped on at a great pace; but when we had gone three miles, the fury of the blizzard suddenly burst on us in a wild whirlwind of snow. The horses turned round and round, and in a few minutes the drivers said they had lost the track. We got



out and made some fruitless attempts to find the road by going back on the carriage tracks, but the whirling snow had obliterated them almost instantly. It was then decided to abandon the carriage in which some of our party and the luggage had been placed, to pile the luggage into the other carriage, and to harness to it all the horses, our party to walk and ride in turn.

What a fearful night march ensued! The hurricane blasts battered us, the icy cold benumbed us, ill-clad, ill-shod, fasting, altogether unprepared for such a storm. The sharp fiercely driven snow-points pained and almost blinded us, the prolonged trudge exhausted us, worn out by toil, constantly falling into drifts from which we each time rose with increasing difficulty. The frequent stoppages when, in pitch darkness, we attempted with frozen hands to adjust the harness, still more benumbed us. Then again, the poor Russian peasants with us kept loudly bemoaning their fate, saying we should all be dead before morning. They would try to lag behind, and wanted to give in, lie down, and pray. We English, while equally knowing that it was an occasion for prayer, thought we should be more worthy of having our prayers answered if we used for our preservation such powers mental and physical as had been granted to us. There may indeed have been moments when the evil temptation also came to some of us to abandon the struggle; and here I must admit that the one among us who by his cheeriness, calm courage, aid to the failing, and fertility of resource most inspired us with hope when we began to despond, and to whose guidance we mainly owed our lives, had a large admixture of Polish blood in his veins. Even he, however, admitted, when we were safe, that his only hope throughout had been that we were by chance going in the right direction. The constant hand-to-hand struggles with our horses, which literally cowered before the blasts, endeavoring to avoid them by turning round, probably were beneficial, as tending to keep up our circulation.

We all knew that our host would do his utmost to aid us, and at short intervals we fired guns to guide the relief party to us. "Hark! a gun," cried I with joy, roused from my lethargy, as I thought I heard a sound distinct from that of the howling wind. Alas! no one else had heard it. Hardly able to endure my disappointment, I urged them to fire all together again in a minute, saying that as I had been alone ahead of the carriage, they could not perhaps hear so distinctly as I. They fired, and oh! what sweetest of music followed in the unmistakable sound of an answering gun close to us! Such a *feu-de-joie* of guns followed, and in a few minutes the relief party was with us, bringing restoratives and furs. They had come in a row with torches, spread over half a mile of country, each keeping within hail of his neighbor, and dropping at intervals, within shouting distance of each other, pickets to maintain communication with the house. The torches they carried partake also of the nature of stoves, being large, round, and deep wire baskets slung at the end of poles, and filled with light, resinous balls, which are easily lit, and of which a supply is carried in a sack. They throw out considerable heat, which was necessary to keep the stationary pickets alive.

Most providentially we had staggered on somewhat in the right direction, and, when found, were not more than half a mile from the track, nor a mile from the house; yet we must have made many detours, as we had kept moving the whole time, but had only advanced one mile in five hours, having lost the track before five o'clock, and it being ten when we were relieved. We were actually then going away from the house. The relief party arrived just in time for one of us, as that fatal sleep, the result of extreme cold and exhaustion, had begun to take its fell hold on him, and it was only with great difficulty he had been roused to walk when last it had been his turn to leave the carriage.

I would mention, in conclusion, as some slight consolation to any who may

have lost those dear to them through exposure to cold, that when that sleep has once got possession of them, I believe the remainder to be painless.

G. E. STANLEY.

From Temple Bar.  
FLORIAN.

What a saving power resides in good sense! The Chevalier de Florian was not a poet; he was really a proseman, a copyist of Cervantes and Fénelon, a writer of long-winded romances. Yet he lives, and has lived for a hundred years, and is now to be honored with a statue by his countrymen as an author of fables in verse. In his lifetime he enjoyed an enormous "succès d'estime," and it continues to this day. A shrewd contemporary said that Florian made his reputation and kept it by his *bon esprit*. *Bon esprit*, good sense, a sane estimate of himself and the world, his own powers and the tastes of the day, a right adaptation of means to the end, avoidance of exaggeration, study of proportion, freedom from illusion—all these qualities are in the word. The possession of them made Florian a successful artificer in verse, still to be respected. It was his good sense which led him to choose the *genre* of fable, morality conveyed in fiction, always acceptable to the children of men. It was his good sense which made his treatment simple and straightforward. He knew or discovered that he had gifts of narrative, invention, wit, proper to his subject. He attempted nothing more, no loftier flights. The lightning of poesy never flashes along his page. He never thrills his hearer with the sublimities of speech and thought. But, as he never soars, he never falls ignominiously. He is always clear, fluent, fanciful, entertaining, wholesome. "Il y a bien loin du grand talent au bon esprit," said Voltaire. It is true: yet *bon esprit* is good, and has its reward. Let us study one who possessed it in an eminent degree.

I.

Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian was

born on March 6th, 1755, among the "riants coteaux" of Languedoc, at the Château Florian, a country-house built by his grandfather, in the Cevennes country. There he spent the years of childhood and contracted a love for this country-side that never deserted him:—

Il vécut toujours à la ville  
Et son cœur fut toujours ici.

Upon the death of his grandfather, who left him nothing but his debts, Florian lived for a time *en pension* in the neighboring town of St. Hippolyte. From that dreary existence he was rescued by his uncle the Marquis de Florian, who had married a niece of Voltaire, and who took his young kinsman off to visit their great relation at Ferney.

This first venture into the open was in every way prosperous. The young Florian was only a boy of ten, but evidently not like other boys. Voltaire, then an old man of seventy-one, was delighted with "sa gentillesse, ses grands yeux spirituels, ses reparties vives, sa gaieté naturelle." The patriarch paid him the honor, reserved for those he loved, of abbreviating his name, and he was always, even in the formal correspondence of those days, M. de Florianet.

"M. de Florianet" (Voltaire wrote, probably in answer to an inquiry about Florian's antecedents) "voilà tout ce que j'ai l'honneur de vous dire de votre famille dont j'ai l'honneur d'être par ricochet."

The anecdotes of the Ferney period throw an amiable light on the old man's friendship for the bright well-mannered boy. We are told that at supper Voltaire singled out Florian for special attention, to the exclusion of more important guests. Florian had the good spirits of youth, and a pretty wit of his own. "Il excellait à railler et à contre-faire"—he had a great gift of banter and mimicry. That was sufficient to recommend him to Voltaire.

We see the patriarch in the act of drawing out the boy:—

The first question he put to me was: "I suppose you know a great many

things?" "Yes sir," I said, "I know the 'Iliad' and the 'Book of Heraldry.'" Lope<sup>1</sup> laughed at that, and related to me the fable of "The Merchant, the Gentleman, the Shepherd, and the Prince." This fable and his beautiful way of narrating it convinced me that Heraldry was not the most useful of sciences, and I resolved to learn something more.

Voltaire lent his assistance, and we have another pleasant picture of the sage assisting at the boy's exercises, which the tutor naturally found excellent. When Voltaire was questioned as to his share, he wittily said they were not so bad considering the pupil's age. On the occasion of a visit of Mlle. Clairon, the reigning tragédienne, Florian was put into shepherd's dress and recited in her honor the verses composed by their illustrious host:—

Je suis à peine à mon printemps,  
Et j'ai déjà des sentiments.

The association of Florian with the Duc de Penthièvre opens the most important chapter in his life. He entered the duke's service at the age of fifteen, and owed to his master all the fortune and much of the happiness of his life. That was the age of patrons and the protection of scholars and wits. "Cette sensibilité vertueuse et paternelle," says Sainte-Beuve, "répandue volontiers sur toutes les figures, même sur les figures gales est le cachet de l'époque Louis XVI." Penthièvre was an illegitimate scion of the royal house, a large landed proprietor in the country south of Paris, about Rambouillet, Anet, and Sceaux, and a man of refined and charitable disposition. He had filled many of the great official positions: been lord high admiral and governor of Bretagne, and had acquitted himself creditably at Dettingen and Fontenoy. On the loss of his wife and son, in 1754, he fell a victim to melancholia, withdrew to his country seats, and devoted himself to the relief of distress. He saw the impending doom of the Revolution, and planned a scheme for the reformation

of the court, a preliminary of which was that the king and queen should wear nothing but cloth and serge! That was not the opinion of Voltaire, who had written many years before: "Quand on prend un habit neuf il ne faut pas prendre de bure."<sup>2</sup> All the same, if there had been more men of the quality of the Duc de Penthièvre the worst excesses of the Revolution would not have happened.

Florian had been taken up to Paris by an aunt and entered as page in the duke's house; but, as he meant to be a soldier like his father, he threw up his services for a time and studied his profession at Bapaume, the military school of the day. On his return Penthièvre gave him first a lieutenancy and afterwards a company in his own dragoons. After a short spell of garrison duty at Maubeuge he abandoned active military life on the comfortable réforme<sup>3</sup> system, by which his service counted away from his regiment, and he was enabled to relinquish his work and retain his pay. He had probably made himself indispensable to the duke as a man of refined sensibility who could enter into his patron's humor, cheer his spirits, and assist in his philanthropic schemes. Florian was received back to the little court of Château d'Anet as gentleman-in-ordinary, and his duties appear to have been to act as almoner in his master's benefactions.<sup>4</sup> He performed this office with delicacy and tact. La Porte says: "Il les distribuait avec toutes les recherches de la délicatesse et de la sensibilité la plus touchante."

It is certain that Florian was much appreciated by his patron. Penthièvre, too, gave him a nickname, Pulcinella—not such a pretty one as Voltaire's, still expressive of his playful, nimble nature. The great man also set himself to correct the Voltairean levity of his young friend, and no doubt contributed

<sup>2</sup> Lettre d'Argental, 22nd October, 1766.

<sup>3</sup> Réforme: Littre defines as "Anciennement, mesure par laquelle on ôte leur emploi à des officiers, en leur conservant néanmoins une partie de leur traitement."

<sup>4</sup> "Chargé presque toujours de distribuer ses bienfaits autour des châteaux."—La Porte.

<sup>1</sup> Lope: Lope de Vega—i.e., Voltaire: one of the innocent mystifications in which Florian, like Charles Lamb, delighted.

in giving his page that purity for which it has always been honored. In return, to lighten his master's gloom and to divert his thoughts from his bereavements, Florian from time to time produced the lively sensible fables that have made his name famous. We can picture him in some great *salon* of the Château d'Anet in the midst of a brilliant company taking from his pocket an elegant little manuscript book, bound in leather, with gilt cipher, and reciting with his characteristic animation and beaming smile the "Cat and the Magic Lantern," or with more subdued gesture the sad "Voyage;" while the guests murmur polite applause and Penthilèvre claps him on the shoulder with a "Bravo, à merveille, c'est une main de maître."

It would be a mistake to take Florian too seriously in his capacity as gentleman-in-ordinary, or courtier on the small scale. He was a young nobleman of broken fortunes prepared to turn to account the good manners inherited from his Castilian mother, and his literary aptitude quickened by contact with Voltaire. "Flexibility of adaptation" was part of his stock in trade; or as the sleek lazy cat advises the lean laborious one in his fable:—

Va, le secret de réussir  
C'est d'être adroit non d'être utile.

He was ready to turn his hand to anything. One day a neighboring curé called to see the duke. Conversation turned on sermons. Florian was always privileged to put in his oar. He said that perhaps it was not a very difficult thing to compose a sermon, and wagered he could preach one himself. The duke laid fifty louis he could do nothing of the kind. Not to be beaten, Florian put himself in position on the spot and uttered as an impromptu:—

This great one of the earth, proud of his descent, who thinks himself compact of finer clay than mine, owes all to Death—from Death alone holds his title to all that constitutes his false glory. Let him, if he dare, produce the credentials that exalt him above his fellows. Each one of those titles is a boom from Death. His

nobility? It rests upon a heap of slain. The higher the heap the more illustrious he. His dignities? To whom is he indebted for them? To Death, who has cut off those who merited them more!

The echo of the pompous "oraison funèbre" is irresistible; but Florian certainly paid for his entertainment at Château d'Anet by Eure.

Perhaps sometimes he was glad to escape from his melancholy patron and run up to Paris for a holiday. The scandal of a fast life hangs about his visits to the capital. He throws aside the character of moral fabulist and almoner. He flings his money right and left at the café, has a distressing illness, fights a duel, drinks hard, and brawls as though he had never played the gentle shepherd and borne the crook. At another time he is discovered at Rouen, where he displaces Lecretelle in the affections of a young lady, and afterwards jilts her when her family experiences a reverse of fortune. Lecretelle lived well into the middle of the next century, and held literary court, whither resorted Lamartine, Vigny, Victor Hugo, and many another leading man of letters, to hear the old man talk of Revolution times. It is to his honor that he bore no malice against Florian, but himself pronounced the "discours de réception" when the doors of the Academy were thrown open to the author of the "Fables;"<sup>1</sup> and made more than one interesting reference to his old rival in his "Dix Années d'Épreuves."

These, however, were distractions in a brief but laborious literary career. Florian lived only to the age of thirty-nine. His works fill twenty-four volumes. The first was published in 1782. He died in 1794. His post with the Duc de Penthilèvre secured him abundant leisure, and he made the best use of it. In return, the world paid him well both in money and praise. His works were "si goûtés" that they realized a considerable sum for the author. He found himself well enough off to assume the heirship of his ancestral estate and clear it of liabilities. When that was

<sup>1</sup> He was received in 1788.

done, only a single field remained. He gave it to an old woman for her life, little thinking she would survive him. He also appears beside his master in the character of a benefactor of the poor. But there must have been something unequal in the step of these philanthropists.

Florian's last years are dark with the shadow of the Revolution. It affected his spirits, and froze the genial current of his soul. As La Porte well says: "It required nothing less than a Revolution like ours to impair such happiness." Only once the curtain is lifted, and we see him, as of old, enjoying the country-house life that was his happiest environment. He is visiting Madame de la Briche, to whom he dedicates the first fable of the second book with a pretty compliment:—

Vous que l'on ne peut voir sans devenir  
plus tendre  
Et qu'on ne peut aimer sans devenir  
meilleur.

There is a large party, and Florian is the life of it, preparing theatricals—author, actor, stage-manager in one. Sainte-Beuve has sketched the scene with his own grace and insight:—

Now, in the first fortnight of September, 1793, this charming house drew once more to the heart of its sweet fresh valley a score of persons of all ages and both sexes, all more or less suspect, who, amid the thoughts of ruin, prison, death even, with which they were at that time beset, endeavored to forget the storm and enjoy in each other's company the last fine weather. The sky had never been so clear and set in its serenity. It was, a reliable witness has told me, a kind of intoxication, enjoyment touched with a tender charm, gaiety a little forced but always lively. Not a moment was given to retrospect; there was no parting lest there should be a troubled brow at meeting. Yet in the midst of these delights Florian, who was their soul, and who redoubled that all might share the sallies of his infectious humor, sometimes paused dreamily and said: "Depend upon it, we shall pay a high price for this good time. Croyez-moi nous payerons bien cher ces jours heureux!"

He even went so far as to choose his

place of burial in the château-garden, and order his epitaph. One was composed for him in fun, and the authors little thought how soon it would be needed. The poet's morbidity grew upon him, for another time we find him sighing for burial in his native soil:—

Oh! to be sure of resting beneath the great beam-tree of my village home, where the shepherdesses come to dance. I would have their loving hands remove the moss from my grave, and the children cast upon it their fallen posies when the game is over; I would have the shepherds of the country-side feel softened as they read this epitaph:

Dans cette demeure tranquille  
Repose notre bon aml.  
Il vécut toujours à la ville  
Et son cœur fut toujours ici.

These mournful vaticinations were soon to be fulfilled. An edict of 1793 forbade the residence of noblemen in the capital. The *sans-culottes* went as far afield as Sceaux, and amongst others arrested Florian. He was imprisoned for some time in the "maison d'arrêt de la Bourbe dite alors Porte Libre" on the charge of treasonable relations with the émigrés. He regained his liberty Thermidor 9th, a broken, dispirited man. Returning to Sceaux, he lingered a few months, and died September 13th, 1794. The shock of imprisonment had proved fatal to a nature made for happier experiences. His tomb and monument—a column surmounted by an effigy—are still to be seen in the little churchyard of Sceaux.

## II.

As a writer, Florian was both industrious and versatile. We have seen how much he accomplished in how short a time. The variety is no less striking. He essayed poetry, history, fable, drama, even translation. It cannot honestly be maintained that the quality is in any way proportioned to the mass. Out of it all, a few score of fables and half-a-dozen plays have alone retained any vitality.

Florian's Spanish descent on the mother's side had no doubt imbued him



with the desire to read Cervantes in the original. When he "commenced author," after a few juvenile pieces, his first idea was to attempt some revival of the pastoral and chivalrous forms of romance. His "Galatée," for the first three books, is frankly an imitation or adaptation of Cervantes's "Galatea;" only the fourth book has any pretensions to originality. His "Estelle" was another belated pastoral which probably would never have been written but for Honoré d'Urfé. These *bergeries* were too innocent for the age. De Thiard well said, "Qu'il y manquait un loup"—they needed a wolf. And they had not long to wait for one. Another adventure into the field of classical romance on the lines of Fénelon was hardly more successful. For one person who has read "Numa Pompilius" a thousand have read "Télémaque." It is best to accept the verdict of posterity, and consider Florian simply as the author of the fables that bear his name. The rest exists, and may be found by the curious, but will probably remain unsought.

The fable is a perennial literary form. It has been practised from the days of Jotham to those of Robert Louis Stevenson. As Sainte-Beuve well said: "The fable is found everywhere; it would be rediscovered every century if it were forgotten." Florian may claim the second place, *longo intervallo*, among the fabulists of his race. La Fontaine is pre-eminently first, the leader of a large choir. French critics love to institute comparisons between the two, and do not spare the smaller man. St. Marc Girardin, for instance, points out that La Fontaine always wins our attention to the animals he sets talking, to the poet himself. Everywhere the *Bonhomme* opens his own heart, suffuses the page with his own serene intelligence, enlists the sympathy of the reader. Florian, on the other hand, interests us in nothing but the progress of the story, its moral—though that is always subtle and delicate—and the way in which the story leads up to it. He has a keen eye for the mannerisms of humanity, with-

out being mordant in his satire, or deep in his moral. He gently derides himself, his fellow, and society, as though he hoped to reform it. In reality he was quite satisfied with the applause of the Academy, and did his utmost to isolate himself from political strife—a view that is certainly borne out by Florian's verses:—

Il en coûte trop cher pour briller dans le monde  
Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés.

But if Florian cannot tolerate comparison with the older master, he has still his own excellent qualities. The thrill of poesy never proceeds from his verses; he has none of the vision, "the consecration, and the poet's dream;" but on the other hand, he is full of ingenious invention, sprightly dialogue, neat narrative, pleasant humorous turns and wholesome moralities.

He could even put his prejudices to account and make them amusing. Florian hated metaphysics. He is always girding at them. In "Le Chat et le Miroir" he calls philosophers "foolhardy men who are forever trying to explain the inexplicable." It is like a cat, he says, trying to penetrate the mystery of its apparition in a looking-glass. It only succeeds in losing its balance and stumbling to the ground. Then grown wiser:—

Il laisse le miroir et retourne aux souris.

That is the moral:—

Une chose que notre esprit  
Après un long travail, n'entend, ni ne  
saisit,  
Ne nous est jamais nécessaire.

"Les Deux Bacheliers" is to the same purpose. A pair of chums quarrel to blows over their logic at dead of night. The professor, candle in hand, comes to discover the cause of the hubbub. They calmly reply that they are not fighting, but merely running over their philosophy lecture. The moral seems to be that philosophy excites rather than calms the angry passions, and is itself only a form of combat. Not a very profound or true observation, but excused by the vivacity of the narrative



and humor of the situation. In the "Deux Persans" Florian presents us with his own philosophy of life:—

Humains, pauvres humains, jouissez des bienfaits  
D'un Dieu que vainement la raison veut comprendre,  
Mais que l'on voit partout, mais qui parle à nos cœurs.  
Sans vouloir deviner ce qu'on ne peut apprendre,  
Sans rejeter les dons que sa main sait répandre,  
Employons notre esprit à devenir meilleurs.  
Nos vertus au Très-Haut sont le plus digne hommage,  
Et l'homme juste est le seul sage.

"The world would be all the better if it were practised," as the late Master of Balliol once said to a youthful critic of the Utilitarian philosophy.

In reading the fables it is difficult not to connect some of their qualities—their moral purity, their avoidance of the higher flights of poetry, their occasionally cynical moral—with the circumstances in which they were composed. How does it come to pass that Florian's page is immaculate in a period overrun with dirty writers—the period of Crébillon fils, of Casanova, of La Molière? The conditions under which it was produced answer the question. Florian was adopted into the family of the Duc de Penthièvre as a man of talent who paid for his entertainment by his wit, conversation, and company. To be successful he must hit the taste of his patron. Florian's duke was a man of austere habit of mind. The poet conformed both subject and treatment to the atmosphere of a pious nobleman's drawing-room. When he was outside of it he could banter his patron very pleasantly, as some of the later plays showed; but within all was decorum. Perhaps it is not overstraining the hypothesis to suggest that the suppression of the nobler poetical flights was due to the same cause. That they were beyond the poet's reach would not have hindered his attempting them so much as the consciousness of a cold fashionable company who could appre-

ciate *bon esprit* and neatness but were scarcely equal to a journey into the empyrean air. The moral so often charged with cynicism and disgust is perhaps the state of mind proper to a "gentleman-in-ordinary," the first lackey in a great house. In the "Dromedary and the Rhinoceros" it is:—

C'est peu de servir l'homme, il faut encore lui plaire

Nous savons plier les genoux.

The genuine love of animal life is one of the highest characteristics of the fables. Florian loved birds and beasts for their own sakes as well as because they played up to his moral:—

Avec les animaux je veux passer ma vie  
Ils sont si bonne compagnie.

He tells us himself how he composed the fables:—

Vous connaissez ce quai nommé de la Ferraille,  
Où l'on vend des oiseaux, des hommes et des fleurs;  
A mes fables souvent c'est là que je travaille;  
J'y vois des animaux, et j'observe leurs mœurs.

There is also a pleasant picture of him in his apartment at the hôtel de Toulouse—his book-room close to an aviary filled with all kinds of birds, the living characters of his fables. He has the eye of a naturalist for obscure animal acts. He notes how the boar scours its teeth in the earth; how a hare when it has doubled sits up:—

les deux pattes en l'air  
L'œil et l'oreille au guet.

His recollection of the fecundity of the rabbit is humorously expressed when Master Rabbit turns the Hare from his door because:—

Ma femme accouche en ce moment.

Sometimes he strikes a deep note and ranges himself with the nature he is describing:—

J'observe et je suis la nature,  
C'est mon secret pour être heureux.

Rivarol, an inveterate snarler of that

day, especially at the heels of his friends, once made an epigram about a new book by Florian. He said it contained black and white; and of the two he preferred the white. If that book were the fables the world has not been found to agree with Rivarol.

AUGUSTUS MANSTON.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
REMINISCENCES OF A BEHAR PLANTER.

It is now thirty-six years since I first sailed for India in the good ship *City* of Tanjore. I was a boy of fifteen at the time, and although the voyage from Glasgow to Calcutta was of four months' duration, I thoroughly enjoyed it, owing to the fact that a great number of the sailors on board were West Highlanders, who knew all about me and my belongings. On arriving in Calcutta, I did my best to repay the kindness shown to me on board the old Glasgow sailing-ship, and I remember on one occasion taking all the apprentices to a big nautch at the house of a Bengali grandee. The Bengali, however, did not quite appreciate the company of my young sailor friends, as all that was offered to them in the shape of refreshments was soda-water. This was mistaken hospitality on his part, as few sailors relish unadulterated soda-water on a cool December night, even in India. Consequently, I and my boon companions did not grace any other native entertainment with our presence.

A consultation was held by my relatives in Calcutta as to whether I should be shipped off to a sheep-run in Australia or sent to an indigo factory in Behar. Unfortunately the evil genius of my Highland ancestors prompted these good people to choose indigo planting for my future career; and after spending a few pleasant months in Calcutta I was sent up-country in charge of a young gentleman in the Behar Opium Department, my fond relatives presenting me with a revolver and a copy of "*Pickwick*" before I started.

Travelling in those days (1859) was very different from what it is now in India, as the railway from Calcutta was only open as far as Raneeganj; and from there we had to make our way to Dinapur by dāk-gharri along the Grand Trunk Road. Like all boys with a new toy, I was immensely proud of my revolver, and slept with it under my pillow in the dāk-gharri, longing to have an opportunity to use it. This was soon given to me in an unexpected manner, through the light-heartedness of the gentleman who shared the gharri. My companion was of a sleepless nature, so one morning at dawn he awoke me with a shout of feigned alarm, and with the assurance that we were surrounded by rebel sepoys. When I poked my head out of the gharri sure enough there were sepoys to be seen on every side; I therefore instinctively pulled the revolver from under my pillow, and was proceeding to aim at the nearest Pandy when my arm was seized by my companion, who by this time thought that he had carried the joke quite far enough. I must acknowledge that my feelings were considerably relieved when my friend assured me that it was only a regiment of tame sepoys on the march to Calcutta; and I still shudder to think what would have been the consequences if I had shot one of the men in my fright. I could hardly have missed, they were so close to us; and next day I gave an exhibition of my skill by killing a pariah dog at fifty yards with my precious weapon.

My first introduction to an indigo factory was a novel experience, the manager being a very small man in a very big hat, and his principal occupation seemed to be the nursing of a most violent temper. He was always in a rage; and my Scotch sense of decency was shocked to see this diminutive tyrant galloping about on a white pony shouting and swearing, and belaboring the natives with a cane almost as long as himself. After two days' stay at the house of this little autocrat, I went on to Chupra, to the residence of the gentleman who had kindly given me my first appointment in indigo. This

gentleman had only recently returned from a visit to England, bringing a Highland piper with him, whose services were in great request among the wealthy zemindars on festive occasions. It is curious how the natives of India love and appreciate the bagpipe. From Chupra I was sent to an outlying factory in the extreme west end of the Sarun district.

In those days, healthy and intellectual amusements were discouraged by the majority of planters. Polo was unheard of, and even pig-sticking was only indulged in by a few bold spirits. Reading was tabooed on the supposition that it made the young assistants lazy; in fact, I do not remember seeing a dozen books in the house of my manager; and my own library consisted of "Pickwick," "Monte Cristo," and a few school prizes. The one thing that was encouraged was a little house in the garden, the dusky inmate of which was supposed to exercise an educating influence as a walking dictionary. At that time (1859-60) there was not a single European lady at any of the factories in the Sarun district; and the only married planter among us was an enterprising gentleman who had paid a flying cold-weather visit to Calcutta, and had returned with an Eurasian wife from one of the orphanages. Verily, the ways and customs of that period were primitive in the extreme. Matters have greatly improved since then, and it is now a common occurrence to see a young man go down on his knees before turning into bed.

There was always a comic side to our lonely life, and I cannot forget that in the first year of my griffinage the mistakes that I committed were ludicrous in the extreme. One day I galloped into the factory and announced to my manager that a body of Sikhs were in the neighborhood. It was just after the Mutiny, and the country at the time was in rather an unsettled condition. In my ignorance I mixed up Sikhs, Pandys, Gurkhas, and Dacoits in a hopeless jumble in my head—they were all rebels to me. On this particular morning an old woman had rushed up to

me in great distress, with a long story—not a word of which did I understand. Perceiving my ignorance, the old lady, in an endeavor to make her meaning clear, commenced to gesticulate violently, with shouts of "Sikh man, Sikh man!" This led me to the conclusion that rebels were in possession of her village; so I galloped into the factory with the information. The old dame, however, followed me as fast as her legs could carry her, and on her arrival I learned that her son was seriously ill with cholera, and all that she wanted was medicine. Her son had been a company's sepoy, and he had evidently taught his mother a few words of English, with which she tried to enlighten my understanding, pronouncing "Sick man" "Sikh man"—hence my alarm.

On another occasion I scattered the bullocks and ploughs, and chased scores of ryots off their fields, under the impression that the villagers had suddenly rebelled and were uprooting their indigo crops. Lower Bengal at the time was in a very disturbed condition, owing to the indigo riots, and one morning, when I discovered peasants in every indigo field busily engaged in *bedani* (i.e., aerating the roots of the plants with country ploughs), I at once came to the conclusion that the indigo disturbances had spread to Sarun, and that our crops were being ploughed out of the ground by discontented ryots. When I had finished my work of driving the astonished natives and their cattle off the fields, I made all speed to the factory and reported matters to the manager. A veil will, however, be drawn over the ridicule that I incurred on this occasion.

I must say the days of my griffinage were particularly happy ones. My manager was not a riding man, although there was not a better shot in Behar. Riding, however, was not in his line; consequently he professed a fine contempt for men who risked their necks after pig or in the hunting-field; but, nevertheless, he mounted me splendidly. When I had mastered sufficient command of the language, I was sent to a little outwork on the

borders of Gorakhpur, as lonely a spot as there is in India, and it was there that I first encountered the fighting wild boar of the country. In my first attempt to tackle him my career was nearly ended in an ignominious manner, and I was only saved by the coolness and courage of a native attendant. When word was brought to me one evening that a boar had passed through the factory grounds, I had not a hog-spear in my possession, my only weapons of offence and defence being an old cavalry sword and the much-prized revolver. Nothing daunted, I determined to come to close quarters with that pig, so I saddled one of the horses and followed quickly in pursuit, the sword dangling by my side and revolver in hand. When I got on terms with the boar, he took refuge in a large piece of scrub jungle. Bursting with excitement, I dismounted, and crept in after him on my hands and knees. There he stood, looking at me with those wicked eyes that a dog-hunter learns to love so well; so, resting the revolver on my naked sword, I took deliberate aim and shot piggy somewhere about the shoulder.

Then, for the first time, I heard the sharp, loud snort of defiance, and before I could fire a second time I was on my back with the pig standing over me. Fortunately, one of the villagers, a fine, stalwart Rajput, armed with a big native spear, had crept in at my heels; and before the boar could follow up his advantage he was pinned by the spear in time to allow me to regain my feet. The native and I then finished him off between us in the open. Since then I have had many a good gallop after pig, but I never again got so completely mixed up in a rough-and-tumble encounter. My wide white trousers saved me, the pig ripping them from top to bottom, and it was fortunate for me that I had not time to get into tight-fitting riding-gear before leaving the bungalow.

One of the keenest men after pig in Behar was a Mr. Jamie Macleod, a well-known Anglo-Indian sportsman. He and I were following a boar through dense

jungle, near the banks of the great Gandak, when the animal suddenly disappeared, and a moment afterwards I was precipitated on to my head at the bottom of a dry nullah by my horse stopping short on the bank. The fall was a nasty one, and I lay stunned. "Stop," said a third man, who was with us, "Reid is hurt." "Come on," answered Macleod, "or we'll lose that pig. Donald is all right, I see his long legs moving." But the momentary delay had lost them the pig, and they soon returned to look after me. From this account one would infer that Macleod is hard and cruel; as a matter of fact he is tender-hearted as any woman. When I recovered my senses I was told the whole story, and we had many a laugh over it. Rudyard Kipling's latest masterpiece, "The Maltese Cat," reminds me of the manner in which Macleod won one of his races at the Chumparun meeting. His horse had come down with him in the first race, the result being a broken collar-bone. This was awkward, as he had a horse running in the next steeplechase; but sooner than scratch him Macleod mounted and won the race, notwithstanding his disabled arm. On another occasion I saw him win a race at Sonapore with a broken knee-cap.

There was a good deal of excitement in other respects to be got out of our lonely existence. For instance, on one occasion when I took the law into my own hands I was nearly punished for my pains. The affair created some stir in Behar at the time, as the case came on for trial in the district court, and the magistrate in charge of the subdivision had serious thoughts of committing me for rioting. He was new to the district, and did not grasp the gravity of the situation, as my action in the matter undoubtedly saved the lives and house-property of thousands of natives over an area of six hundred and sixty square miles of country; besides saving the standing crops of the poorest part of the district of Sarun, where the population averages one thousand to the square mile. Sarun is bounded on the north by the great Gandak (the

Kondochates of the Greek geographers), which is one of the largest snow-fed rivers in India. Before Behar was ceded to the British, most disastrous floods used occasionally to devastate vast tracts of country in the Sarun district, drowning the natives and their cattle, and destroying in a wholesale manner their horses and their crops. The river is deltaic, which means that, even at its lowest level, in the dry, hot-weather months of the year, its waters are higher than the surrounding country. This fact in itself will give an idea of what the river is like in full flood, when it reaches for miles from embankment to embankment, rearing its head several feet above the highest land in Sarun. It is impossible for me to convey a proper idea of the magnificent sight presented by a huge deltaic river in full flood; but the fact of the Hindus selecting these rivers as fit objects to worship proves that they are the grandest features in a comparatively tame landscape.

At a very early period it was found necessary by the Bengal government to erect high and strong embankments on either side of the turbulent Gandak, for the protection of life and property. The unprotected country, besides being the fair-weather home of numerous wild hog and nil-ghai, became inhabited by the most lawless men in Behar, who were attracted there on account of the protection afforded to them by the coarse jungle on the banks of the mighty river. These men are as wild in their nature as the Gandak itself, and are notorious cattle-lifters and thieves, their nefarious practices being so profitable as to enable them to square the native police, although, for the sake of appearances, a few of their number are occasionally handed over to justice. When the biggest flood on record occurred on the Gandak, in the latter end of August, 1878, these were the men whom I had to encounter. The water on this occasion reached to within a few inches of the top of the high embankment, and I was warned by my servants, and by the officer in charge of the work, that an attempt would be

made by the flooded-out villagers to cut the embankment at a spot close to and opposite my factory at Sadowa. I therefore took the precaution to place a guard of men at the place threatened.

In the afternoon of the day that I received the above-mentioned warning, a man rushed to the bungalow with the information that several boats containing armed men were approaching from the other side; so, putting a horse into the dog-cart, I drove at once to the threatened spot, accompanied by my brother; but we arrived too late to prevent the rioters from landing. We, however, succeeded in keeping them at bay, and the turning-point of the contest was reached when the civil engineer galloped up with a gun in his hand. As he approached I noticed that he was very excited, and that the gun was at full-cock. I therefore said to him, "You must not use that gun," and taking the weapon out of his hand put it at half-cock. A panic seized the rioters as soon as they saw a gun in my possession. There was a rush for the boats, and now occurred the most serious part of the affray, as the boats capsized and the struggling crowd was precipitated into the deep water. A few returned at once to the embankment; but the majority of the panic-stricken men struck out to swim across the Gandak in full flood. They would have been all drowned in the attempt, so I fired a few shots into the water ahead of them, and shouted to them to return. This had the desired effect, as every man turned and swam safely back to the embankment. We then secured our prisoners and looked after the wounded; a few broken heads and arms from the blows of clubs (lathis) being the only casualties so far as I could judge. We had pressed the other side too closely, and so prevented them from using their swords and long spears; although I sent in a bundle of captured weapons to the magistrate at Sewan. Afterwards, when the flood subsided, my men picked up a cartload of swords, spears, battle-axes, and kodalls near the spot where the boats upset.

Before dawn on the morning after



the affray, I was roused out of a sound sleep by a mysterious whisper in my ear: "Khodawund, Khodawund!" ("My lord, my lord!"). Starting up, I saw one of my peons at the bedside: "Well, what is it?" I asked him. "A body has been found floating near the spot where the boats capsized. Shall I bury it and say nothing about the matter?" was the startling announcement made to me. "You must do nothing of the kind," I replied. "Bring the body in at once, and make arrangements to have it conveyed without delay to the magistrate's court at Sewan." The body was brought into the factory, and identified as that of a notorious cattle-lifter who had taken a prominent part in the riot. It was perfectly naked except for the girded loins of the native fighting-man; but there was not a mark on it, and the poor creature must have gone under in the first rush, when the crowd were struggling in the water. It is a mercy that he was the only man drowned, as I feared an appalling death-roll when the boats capsized.

So far I have not touched upon the really serious side of a Behar planter's life, and many of my readers will begin to think that an indigo-planter's existence is made up of beer and skittles. I have shown that it is a particularly free life, with but little inducement to cultivate the higher instincts of humanity. We had matters too much our own way, and it is not surprising that the natives suffered in consequence. At the age of twenty I found the manager of one of the largest factories in Tirhut, with thousands of ryots at my beck and call; and I remember well the advice that was given to me by my own old munshi, at the little factory in Gorakhpur, when I left it to take charge of the large business in Tirhut. "For God's sake curb that hasty temper of yours," said the old man, "and remember that they are a miserable rice-eating people in Tirhut!" He was afraid that if I knocked the Beharis about in the way that I struck the sturdy coolies of the North-West Provinces that murder would be committed. I am sorry to say that I did not act up to old Shewchurn

Lal's advice. A melancholy fact which does me no credit, although it shows that a good deal of coercion was employed to induce the ryots to cultivate indigo. The system is alone to blame, as planters now come from the same class which supplies the civil and military officers of the crown.

It was not until 1866 that I commenced to seriously consider the great Indian problem. This paper will show that I do not set up for being a saint, and I fully acknowledge that my numerous faults are deeply ingrained in an impulsive Highland nature; but I do claim the right to have an opinion which is worth considering on the Behar question. In 1866, when manager of the Jogapur factory in Sarun, I was put in charge of large famine relief works by government, a sad experience, which entirely changed the tenor of my life, and made me more sympathetic to the natives. Jogapur is said to be haunted now, and the managers who succeeded me tell of strange sights and sounds, at which I am not surprised when I consider the fearful deaths from sheer starvation that occurred at the factory during the famine year. There is a large peepul-tree close to the bungalow, and every morning during the height of the distress dead and dying bodies of fearfully emaciated natives were discovered under its shade. The poor creatures had made their way to it from their distant homes, knowing that relief was being dispensed at the factory; but, alas! most of them were too weak to assimilate the food that was at last offered to them. In fact, the sufferings of the poor in Behar in that year were indescribable, although they were borne patiently and without a murmur.

When the next Behar famine occurred—in the year 1874—I was at Sadowa, a factory near the great Gandak River; and, profiting by the experience gained in 1866, I wrote to Shahjahanpur, in Oudh, for cheap food-grains on the factory account. The collector of that district was married to one of my cousins, and he kindly assisted me in getting all that I wanted. The govern-



ment, however, went to the dearest market for their grain, and wasted millions of rupees of public money in purchasing rice from Burmah. I believe that I was the only planter in Behar who laid in a stock of cheap millet in 1874. I also put all my empty indigo fields (three thousand acres of highly manured land) under fodder crops for the ryots' cattle. This latter-mentioned arrangement was a god-send to the people, as fodder was particularly scarce in that year.

Having thus had extensive experience in the management of relief works in two Behar famines, I took the trouble to compile a report for the Indian Famine Commission, and had it printed in pamphlet form. This I forwarded direct to the secretary, and, although I have carefully looked through the four bulky volumes which purport to give the result of the evidence collected, I failed to find even mention of my name. This statement goes to prove the curious fact that the independent opinions of non-officials are not relished by the authorities in India, who are as sensitive of criticism as any woman. Even in Ceylon there seems to be a good deal of official jealousy, and I was amused some time ago, on reading the proceedings of a meeting of the members of the Royal Colonial Institute, to find that not a single Ceylon planter took part in the discussion that followed the reading of a paper by Mr. Ferguson, of Colombo.

Robert Browning tells us that:—

Progress is

The law of life; man's self is not yet Man!  
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end  
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly  
forth,

While only here and there a star dispels  
The darkness, here and there a towering  
mind

O'erlooks its prostrate fellows.

These exalted sentiments are, however, not shared by the authorities in Calcutta, who ruined me by the introduction of section 183 in the Bengal Tenancy Act. No better section was ever invented to trip up an obnoxious

opponent. When the bill was under discussion I threw all sordid interests and commercial discretion to the winds, and warmly espoused the ryots' cause. Both in this country and in India I worked hard to place the Rent Law on such a footing that it would be possible for the planters to deal with the ryots on a sound commercial basis. The zemindar party were furious and reproached me with cries of "*Et tu, Brute!*" But I never wavered, although much did not come of my efforts in the cause of progress. A half-hearted measure was passed into law, the authorities being frightened by the echo created by their own roar against oppression. The sinister meaning of section 183 will be gathered from the following extract from the Blue-Book on the "Return of Correspondence between the Government of India and the Secretary of State for India relating to the Cultivation of Indigo in Bengal," which was printed by order of the House of Commons on March 23, 1891: "Mr. Reid, in trying to deal direct with the ryots, without the intervention of the landlord, has raised opposition on the part of the maharajah of Hutwah. The ryots gave their holdings as security for the due fulfilment of their contracts. When they failed, and Mr. Reid tried to attach and sell these securities, the maharajah objected, asserting that such holdings are not salable according to prevailing custom in the Hutwah Estate. Under section 183 of the Tenancy Act he is, it seems, within his rights. As Mr. Reid has about three hundred suits to file for breach of contract, his position seems a difficult one. . . . As indigo-planters have often been blamed for not dealing direct with the cultivators, I quote Mr. Reid's case to show what difficulties are met with when a new line is adopted and the old custom, which has been so much condemned, of taking villages in farm, is given up." Here, in dry official language, my fate is truly defined, and to-day I am a bankrupt living in dingy lodgings in a mean street in Paddington—the result of an endeavor to bring justice to the

door of the Behar ryot. Surely the times are out of joint!

DONALD N. REID.

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From The Leisure Hour.  
BUSH FIRES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

While we in favored Britain were enjoying a typical September of peaceful sunshine and abundant fruit crops and general harvest, many of our kinsfolk in New South Wales were passing through experiences almost unprecedented, in dealing with bush fires so numerous and of such magnitude as might well bewilder even those to whom such conflagrations are by no means unknown, though Australia is happily not subject to prairie fires on so appalling a scale as those which devastate vast tracts of the United States.

Strangely enough, the same letters which told of serious floods on the Murray River, of low-lying districts lying under water, and even bridges being covered, told also of excessive drought affecting a vast area, in which bush fires were raging at a score of different centres, ranging from Cape Byron in the north, as far south as Cape Howe, a distance of about six hundred miles, and as far inland as the Darling River, about four hundred miles from Sydney.

That city (which is on the seaboard—one of earth's loveliest harbors) is backed by the Blue Mountains, which are, or rather were, clothed with somewhat monotonous forests of eucalyptus, or blue gum, and here the conflagrations were on so vast a scale that eyewitnesses who crossed the mountains by railway reported that the whole mountain region was on fire.

The settlers state that three or four weeks previously forest fires had broken out in various directions on unoccupied mountain slopes; but as they did not threaten any private interests, no one had taken the trouble to ascertain how they originated, or to endeavor to extinguish them. In

fact, the lurid effects of smoke by day and the glare which illumined the sky by night, in the latter part of August and the beginning of September, merely served as topics for conversation and admiration.

But one stifling hot morning a strong north-west breeze brought down volumes of smoke and sparks and bits of burnt wood and burning gum leaves in the direction of Springwood, and also of Linden; and where the sparks fell, straightway fresh fires were kindled in every direction, and, driven by the wind, swept rapidly onward toward the towns with awful roaring and crackling.

Then at length the inhabitants were alarmed, and resorted to the distressing last expedient of themselves kindling fires which they could control, in order to burn all the grass and shrubs around their own dwellings and farmsteadings, and so check the advance of the otherwise irresistible conflagration. But their safety fires burnt slowly against the wind, while the other was rapidly blown towards them. Nevertheless, by this means, many houses were saved, though left standing in the midst of blackened ruin; almost all fences, orchards, and numerous small homesteads being consumed, and only devastated expanses of charred wood visible in every direction.

Among minor incidents of that eventful day, a man and his wife were in the act of removing their household goods to a new home when the fire swept down upon them and the cart containing their furniture, all of which was burnt; but they themselves contrived to escape without serious injury, and to unyoke their singed horse.

The fire swept through the cemetery, burning whatever was combustible, and the energetic ringing of the church bell summoned the people from their fight with the flames in other quarters to protect their church, happily with success.

But from scores of townships came similar reports—of homesteads destroyed; cattle, horses, and pigs burnt

alive; human beings more or less injured; hundreds of miles of fences and thousands of acres of pasture all consumed. Even mines did not escape, for at the Wallsend Colliery the sparks set fire to the wooden framework at the top of the shaft, and burning fragments fell down the shaft. Happily, prompt action was taken by the colliery manager and his men, and, by dint of great exertion they succeeded in extinguishing the flames and in staying the progress of the conflagration.

In some places, where the forest was burning on either side of the railway, the very sleepers were consumed, and, of course, all the railway fences; and the passengers from Bathurst to Sydney, on reaching the tract between Blackheath and Mount Victoria, unexpectedly found themselves compelled to pass between two walls of raging, roaring flames, which, driven by a fierce wind, seemed to meet like an archway right above the train. The drivers put on extra speed, and dashed onward—a fearful race for life! Their clothes were burnt and their hair singed, and the flames, entering the carriages, set fire to the passengers' goods in the racks overhead, and to the dresses of some of the ladies. Happily, the transit was accomplished without any serious injury.

In the neighborhood of Springwood and Linden the forest was totally consumed in a belt about five miles in width. The flames swept across the railway, and this belt of fire swept onward for scores of miles through the mountain ranges. It came from the north, where, for several weeks, as I have already mentioned, the settlers were aware of its existence, but gave it no special heed, assuming that it would burn itself out, as is often the case, whereas it worked its way down the gullies and up the hillsides, as the wind impelled it, far away to the south, leaving various townships like oases in the midst of this widespread devastation.

Blackheath township narrowly escaped, the gale driving the conflagra-

tion right on towards it. About a mile from the town stand a group of about twenty cottages, which would have been the first to suffer. Seeing their imminent danger, the inhabitants turned out and lighted a line of protective fire fully a mile in length—literally a wall of fire—a common expedient when bush or prairie fires are approaching, that, when the great conflagration reaches this belt, its progress may be arrested for lack of fuel.

In the present instance, however, owing to the force of the wind, the protective fire got beyond control. The heat was so intense that those who were endeavoring to beat it back could only work a few seconds at a time, and then retreat, to avoid suffocation by the dense and exceedingly pungent wood smoke, so stinging to the eyes that they were almost blinded.

Happily, by midnight the wind abated, and it became possible to extinguish the flames, and the broad belt of black, smouldering ashes safeguarded the houses; not, however, till men and women were alike worn out with exhaustion, after fourteen hours of arduous toil.

The same great bush fire menaced Mount Victoria township from the east, while its inhabitants, looking westward towards Mount Wilson and Hartley Vale, could count four distinct conflagrations.

Meanwhile, in another direction, the same fire burnt its way into the Grose Valley, where it continued to rage for many days, devastating many miles of country. There were certain points whence it was possible to look down into the gullies, which generally are dreams of verdant loveliness, the chosen homes of stately tree-ferns, overshadowing a luxuriant undergrowth of all manner of lovelier ferns—delightful fairylike glens, whose stillness is broken only by the low murmurs of hidden streamlets; but which, then, were all ablaze—a raging sea of fire, crackling and roaring, beneath a heavy pall of many-tinted tongues of living fire.

Mount Solitary, the great tableland

rising out of the Jamieson Valley, opposite to the township of Katoomba, was on fire for three days, with flames coursing along the top of the blazing mountains, which stood in solitary grandeur, rising from an abyss of smoke which veiled the valleys round its base. Gradually this veil ascended and hid the mount, while the conflagration swept onward round the cliffs which tower some miles farther, and so on towards the Minnehaha Falls, and away east.

Even the rivers afforded no protection, for fiery showers were carried across by the wind to start fresh centres of woe.

Mount York and the whole of the Nulla Mountains are described as having been one vast furnace, and the awful glare, which at night illumined the whole heavens, by day produced a heavy, lurid smoke and darkness, as of an eclipse, through which the sun appeared like a glowing ball of red fire, but which so veiled all things of earth that it was scarcely possible to see five yards ahead. The heat and smoke combined were well-nigh unbearable.

The width of this conflagration at various points was estimated at fifteen and twenty-five miles—the whole one raging sea of fire, involving the utter destruction, not only of the indigenous flora, but also of beasts and birds, both domestic and wild. Amongst the latter, multitudes of wallabies (the quaint, ungainly kangaroo) are known to have perished. In the Braidedwood district the settlers suffered severe loss, having to leave their horses, cattle, and pigs to their terrible doom. One poor chap, while toiling to extinguish the fire in one direction, saw the flames advancing to his own homestead. Thinking he could make a short cut to its rescue, he galloped back across what he thought

was only a narrow belt of fire, and too late discovered his mistake. His horse, maddened with fear, threw him, and he was terribly burnt; but the horse escaped with a singeing. In Sutherland, the great National Park, thousands of acres of carefully preserved natural bush have been destroyed. Garie, the home of rock-lilies and tree-ferns, is now devastated; and where, but a few hours previously, in the Illawarra district, luxuriant wild roses, all in full bloom, and waratahs just bursting into crimson glory, gave a wealth of color to the paradise of ferns, all was transformed into a dreary expanse of black, only relieved by the ghastly greys of scorched tree-tops, while below the fire still smouldered, sending up dense clouds of pungent smoke, and ready to re-awaken if briskly fanned by the breeze. In truth, however, danger from that source was minimized from the fact that the whole undergrowth for many miles had been so thoroughly burnt that there remained little or nothing for the fire to feed upon.

At Lismore the sugar-cane fields belonging to several planters were burnt; but, by vigorous, united efforts, the flames were averted from several other sugar plantations.

At Tenterfield many cattle died of thirst, owing to the general smoke, added to the parching drought, which, moreover, had burnt up the pastures, and greatly endangered the wheat crop. Flourishing orchards and many miles of fences were totally destroyed. Similar accounts came in from many districts, which may well awaken our sympathy for the hard-working colonists who thus within a few hours, witnessed the destruction of so much of the fruit of their patient toil.

CONSTANCE F. GORDON CUMMING.

